

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2779.—VOL. CL.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1892.

TWO } SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6d.



Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

THE ROYAL BETROTHAL: PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH AND PRINCE FERDINAND OF ROUMANIA.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It has long been established that a photograph will show the presence of measles and smallpox some time before the spots are visible to the eye. It is now asserted by students of physiognomy that it will reveal criminal traits before they are openly developed. This ought to be made very useful; for, if prevention is better than cure, detection before an offence is committed must be better still, since it may do away with both crime and punishment. If it also does away with that system of introspection and self-analysis in which some novelists are so fond of indulging, it will be a great relief to their readers. Their hero is often quick enough at jumping at conclusions as regards other people's character, but he passes whole days and nights in analysing his own sentiments and wondering whether he is an honest man or a scoundrel. Now, for eighteen-and-sixpence (see advertisement) he can purchase a machine by which he can take his own photograph, and satisfy himself upon this point in five minutes; it is less than what he would have to give for a medical diagnosis, just as likely to be wrong as right. Of course he must know where to look for his good and bad points—the lobe of the ear is said to be “very significant”—but, once having got his data, he will be able to see his motives coming on, and save himself (and us) a world of self-inspection. Had this system been adopted during the late election, there would probably (if conscience counts for anything) have been a good many “abstentions” among the candidates.

In Sir Gayan Duffy's “Conversations with Carlyle” there is a characteristic example of the rhinoceros hide which that philosopher wore in lieu of a skin. He could never understand why Thackeray did not like him; he could not remember having ever written anything to offend him. It is true, upon the occasion of the P. and O. Company's giving a free pass to Thackeray, he *had* compared their conduct to that of the penny ferry-boats in Scotland, which always allow a blind fiddler to cross for nothing to amuse the passengers; but surely there was nothing to take offence about in *that*. Very likely Carlyle really thought so; for, as Bernal Osborne justly said of him, he “never got out of the peasant,” the boor. Indeed, this ignorance of when one has said things to hurt another's feelings is frequently found in much kinder natures. I know a most excellent but brusque-mannered man who once complained to me that an old acquaintance of his—the secretary of a great railway company—had grown cold to him. “Perhaps you forgot to congratulate him when he exchanged the ‘Branch’ for the ‘Grand Junction’?” I suggested. “No, I didn't; when he told me that he got £3000 a year instead of £1000, I said ‘That's capital—a thousand a year more than you are worth.’” He could not understand that such an observation could possibly have annoyed anybody. It is doubtful, notwithstanding the reputation of the rapier Satire, that the bludgeon Roughness, even where no harm is intended, gives the deadlier wound, or, at all events, the affront that is most resented.

The latest discovery of medical science—though not so alarming to the general public as usual, because it affects a comparatively small class—is quite on all-fours with that of the microbe in the air and the death-germ in the water, and of the seeds of disease in everything we have been accustomed to eat since we were born: it has been found that the use of the *pince-nez* causes cancer. “There must be no more pressure on the nose”; so that pocket-handkerchiefs will have to be abolished. I am confidently looking forward to the scientific denunciation of the “topper,” or “tall hat,” and should much like to see it. It is well known that it makes a rim upon the forehead. Indeed, I knew an individual who explained the lines—

And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo,

by the mark produced by a tight hat. It is quite as likely to have the same deadly effect as the *pince-nez*.

The complainants in the alleged literary frauds seem to be almost all poets, and but for this so-called “exposure” not even Mr. Traill would have discovered them. Their grievance is not that they had to pay for the production of their poetry—they were prepared to do that; or, which is much better, other people were prepared to do it for them—but that when the money was paid their poems never appeared. This will seem hard to anybody, but none but a poet whose verses are still in manuscript can know how hard. The natural desires of the human heart have often been enumerated by psychologists and philosophers, but always with one omission—the passion of getting into print. If we have “five senses” to be frightened out of, this is the sixth; and nobody, though some of us might well be, has ever been frightened out of *that*. Among the bards who affirm that they have been defrauded are all sorts and conditions of men. One of them is a waiter. Waiters have been immortalised in literature, and even in verse. We are all familiar, for example, with the Laureate's waiter, a “head” one, but none have hitherto distinguished *themselves* in the realms of poesy; they have hidden their talent—probably in a napkin. Many a mute inglorious

Milton may have opened the oysters of that name for us, but he has never revealed his gift; never, even, made up our bill (though it has often had a good deal of imagination in it) in the form of a couplet—

Three and one is five, and one is seven,
And one is nine, and two is eleven.

His fellows have been cynically described in (almost) the words of Shakspeare, as “not only waiters themselves, but the cause of waiting in other people,” and this has certainly been the case as regards their poetic productions; and it seems shameful indeed (if his allegation be true) that the first of them who has broken into song should have had to pay £15 for a volume that he never published, and half a guinea for the “Poets of the Day” in which his rhymes were not included. What is both rare and admirable in the conduct of the accused, whether innocent or guilty, is that they seem to have calculated the expense of production to suit the means of the bard, just as wise doctors charge their patients according to their means; for, while the waiter had but £15 to pay for non-publication, a lady of fortune, bitten by the same desire, had to pay £48, and three guineas for the “Poets of the Day” without her verses in it. To poetical coal merchants and clergymen prices ruled comparatively low, and, in short, the defendants showed a good deal of consideration. Moreover—and if the case should go against them we trust this will be taken into consideration—the original MSS. were not destroyed. These precious documents (and nothing else) were found upon the premises when the creditors came to distrain upon them.

A very interesting paper by Sir Edmund du Cane upon the increase of crime in England is published in the current number of *Our Waifs and Strays*. Woking Female Prison was built for the “accommodation” of 700, and was always full. There are now only 250 in it, “mostly grey-haired, though not, perhaps, very venerable females,” the survivors, as it were, of the unfittest. Twenty years ago there were 1646 females in penal servitude; now there are less than 400. The number of habitual criminals known to the police in 1864 was 85,250; in 1890 they had fallen to 52,000; and as no one can suppose that our police are less efficient than they used to be, this, considering the increase of population, is indeed a good report. Convictions for “crimes of dishonesty and malice” have decreased in the last sixteen years from 238,680 to 198,686. If deeds of cruelty have increased in number and horror, it is therefore clearly due to the culpable leniency with which our judges have treated them. Upon the whole, recruits for the army of crime are falling off in the proportion, for the last ten years, of five to eight. This improvement Sir Edmund du Cane mainly attributes to the checking of evil practices in early life, cutting off the supply at the fountain-head. He does not much believe in other remedies, however plausible they may appear. Education of the brain, for example, without cultivating the moral and religious faculties, is of little use, and often only serves to facilitate crime. Nor does he agree with those who imagine that crime would become extinct if drunkenness were swept away. He thinks this “an entire delusion.” If any social habit more than another directly leads to crime, it is, he says, that of “betting and gambling, which derive their attraction from the hope of getting rich without work.” These are wise words, and spoken (which is a rarity) by a philanthropist who thoroughly understands what he is talking about.

The tendency to get into grooves, so marked among professional and business people, is carried to even a greater extent in the criminal classes. They do not, indeed, leave their homes at the same hour, remain in their offices or chambers, spinning their webs for the human spider, for exactly the same time, and return to dinner every day to the minute, because their movements are necessarily dependent upon those of the persons they mean to rob; but their proceedings, though they may range from petty larceny to murder, are still more constant and invariable. With lawyers, for instance, all is fish that comes to their net: their ears are open to the employer and employed, to the guardian and the orphan, to the husband and the co-respondent. But the habitual criminal is more exclusive; the burglar never relieves the monotony of his existence by picking pockets; nor does the coiner (unless he wants them for material) take relaxation in stealing pewter pots. “Once a captain, always a captain” is a proverb that applies to a criminal at least as much as to a military career. A professional rogue is always a specialist; so much so, indeed, is this the case that it is a literal fact that a man who has been once or twice convicted of sacrilege will go on robbing churches, and disdain, unless very hard pushed to it, to despoil any unconsecrated building. It is well known that certain modes of murder become very attractive to the perpetrator, and are never varied; but this, of course, supposes impunity. In lesser crimes no punishment seems deterrent to those who have once taken a fancy to them. A curious example of this was afforded in the Westminster Police Court the other day, where a young man of twenty-four was convicted for the twelfth time of dog-stealing. He had even been twice in penal servitude for it, yet, as soon as released, he had returned with “faithful flame” to stealing dogs, as other men return to their first loves. To the outsider it

does not seem to be a very attractive pursuit, nor, for that matter, does “conveyancing,” which (though of quite another kind) is often seen to be not less absorbing. It would be an interesting psychological experiment to send this gentleman to where dogs are mere pariahs, and thought nothing of, or where there are no dogs at all, when he would be without a *raison d'être*. What would he do then, one wonders?

A good many authors, from Secundus downwards (and he was obviously not the first), have written eulogistically upon kisses; they are dear to us from infancy, or, at all events, from the earliest age at which we have any pocket-money, and can buy them at the confectioner's. The poet who has sung the praises of the piano in a strain beyond even that of the advertiser who wants to sell it calls it a heaven-holding shrine, and yet admits that a kiss goes one better—

No fairy casket full of bliss outvalues thee,
Love only, wakened with a kiss, more sweet may be.

The same bard, though full of sorrows, tells us that he has, at all events, the remembrance of one thing to comfort him—

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me.

One wretch, it is true, wrote a book “in dispraise of kisses,” but it is well understood that he knew nothing about the subject. Still, however tempting may be the opportunity, one has no right to steal things. Senor Talca, of Valparaiso, has reason to remember this as long as he lives. He stole a kiss from a young lady on the Plaza (this is not the Spanish for lips, but for a more public spot) seven months ago, and is still “languishing in chains” for it. He was condemned to sixty days' imprisonment for the offence, and was so imprudent as to appeal against the sentence to a higher court. The higher courts in South America seem to emulate our old Court of Chancery in the length of their deliberations, and they have only just decided that the Senor must have thirty days *more*. He has not even the poet's thought to solace him, “Jenny kissed me”—for Jenny did nothing of the kind, and didn't want to.

With the single exception of the Artful Dodger, I remember no criminal—though many a scamp—in fiction who is a humorist, and this is true to life; but in criminals there is often a great deal of unconscious humour. A striking example of this was evidenced in the Rev. Dr. Clutterbuck's examination before the Bankruptcy Court the other day. This divine was found guilty of persuading a number of foolish people to entrust him with their money on promise of getting them ten per cent. for it from Government, and sentenced to penal servitude. What seems to have annoyed him more than remorse on this account, however, was an allegation that he was a man of gallantry. In defending the lady in question, however, in which, for all we know, he may have had every justification, he said, “I will only speak of her as of many others of lowly birth—

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

He had certainly every reason to be grateful for “simple faith,” but if he had had the least sense of humour he would surely have abstained from thus acknowledging his indebtedness to it.

There are some authors who, like Single-speech Hamilton, say what they have to say, are applauded, and never attempt rivalry with themselves again; there are others who do attempt it, and maintain a certain level of excellence, however often they try it; there are others, again, and these are more numerous, who after a first bull's-eye score an outer and then another outer, or even make a miss, and then, to the general surprise, make a bull's-eye again. These are called by the literary ring “in-and-out” writers, perhaps to distinguish them from the “out-and-outers.” To this class, perhaps, belongs the author of “The House on the Marsh,” who, after some rather disappointing books, has lately given us “Ralph Ryder of Brent.” From a literary point of view there is not much to praise in it; its style is jerky, and the incidents, which are to the last degree improbable, pour in upon the astonished reader in a flood; but for all that it interests him. It is of the “shocker” type, but far superior to its class. After the seas of uneventful twaddle to which we have been of late accustomed, it is, at all events, an agreeable change. There is no time wasted, on the one hand, on the self-analysis of the hero's character, nor, on the other, on the description of the heroine's trousseau. She has got something else to think about, has the newly married Mrs. Ryder; murder, madness, and bigamy—to all of which temptations her husband seems to have given way in his time—and a great number of other things, not very usual (though highly exciting) in domestic life. It is a tale of mystery, but one which makes one eager to know what the mystery is, which is by no means always the case. The novel—though, it must be confessed, a long way after those of that prince of gruesome stories, Le Fanu—reminds one of Le Fanu; one snatches a “fearful joy” from it.

HAMPSHIRE VIGNETTES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MADEMOISELLE IXE."

VIII.

Granny Lovelock, towards the close of an active and healthy life, was confined to her bed by paralysis, which did not, however, diminish the sharpness of her wits or of her tongue. Picturesque as she appeared, propped up against her snow-white pillows in scarlet jacket and stiff frilled cap, her large-featured face, with its keen, cynical eyes, did not at first suggest a character so inspiring to literary effort as she undoubtedly was, since two local writers—one in prose and one in verse—have endeavoured to celebrate her charm. Of this, piquancy rather than sweetness was the secret, together with a marked absence of all those somewhat insipid graces which "goody" books and other sensational literature might lead us to expect in the aged poor.

Like most persons of repellent manner and short temper, she received a good deal of attention, and received it all as her due. Unprofitable servants were we made to feel ourselves, even when we approached her with propitiatory offerings, and there was always some point on which we failed to please her, some sin of omission or commission. For instance, how painfully dull was our village compared with the next in the valley, where, as she often severely reminded us, "the gentry did zummat to amuse poor folks!"

"Why, here," she cried reproachfully once to a maiden lady, no longer in her first youth, "I never see sech a place; we don't have so much as a weddin'!"

Religious reading was another matter in which it was difficult to satisfy her; for if we did not read "a chapter" we were guilty of neglect, and if we did she made us feel, by her constant interruptions, that our rendering was spiritless and tedious. Any attempt to improve the occasion she wisely forestalled, at the close, by herself delivering a short address on what she considered the moral.

"There, now, hearken to that! Doan't that show what senners has to look to ef they doan't mind their ways? But 'tes no good for anyone like Bill Jones to call 'isself a Christian and then go spreein' about all over the country wi' a lot o' low fellows. Ah! some makes a wonderful profession, to be sure, but they doan't hold to it, bless 'ee. Why, Mrs. Brand, when she come here five years sence, she was singin' hymns half the day; she'd whoop and she'd hollar, you'd ha' thought 'twas an angel from heaven!"

In spite of these strictures, Granny Lovelock's own religious position appeared so indefinite that somebody ventured to ask her one day to what religious body she herself belonged.

"Well, I am nothin', so to say," Granny Lovelock candidly replied, and then went on to recount how she had been driven from the bosom of the Established Church by the inhospitable conduct of Mrs. Smart, the pew-opener, who had turned Granny out of a pew, into which, shortly afterwards, she had unblushingly introduced her own father-in-law and his wife; at which gross instance of nepotism Granny rose and rebuked Mrs. Smart before the congregation, and then withdrew for evermore. This did not prevent her highly disapproving of those who changed their religion on insufficient grounds; and especially did she condemn Mrs. Start, who, having given the Methodists all the trouble of converting her, immediately joined the Baptists.

In politics she took a lively interest, but of such a kind as to justify the accusation that her sex is incapable of any but narrow and personal views; for her judgment of measures was apt to be decided by their indirect effect on the movements of the "family at the mansion"; and abhorrent to her was the man or the party who, by prolonging the Parliamentary session, delayed the return of these kind friends. At one time she attributed this calamity to the Unionists.

"What a ter-rable bother, to be sure!" she exclaimed. "Mester Gladstone sems a nice, kind sart of a gentleman; why ever doan't they let 'un have his way?"

IX.

Away from the villages and the water-meadows, on higher and bleaker ground, whose solitary silence is broken by soft tinklings, old Jack spent his days. In more senses than one might he be spoken of as a son of the soil. He had the appearance of having sprung from it, and of betraying even in his colour the nature of his origin; for the hue of his long loose smock, and of as much of his skin as hair untrimmed by razor or scissors permitted us to see, was the same as that of his native mould when rains have not deepened its delicate shade of brown. There remained his eyes, closely resembling—though without the same gleam of intelligence—those of his constant companion, the sheepdog. For in profession Jack was one with the curled darlings in rainbow-tinted garments who, in some spheres of art, are called shepherds. Never has the clash between realism and idealism been more painfully illustrated! Nevertheless, Jack was an excellent shepherd, and here nearly ends the record of what is positive concerning him. The rest is chiefly negative. He could not read, nor write, nor calculate, nor even take thought for the morrow, inasmuch that his master was required to take it for him, and pay the chief part of his wages in needful food and raiment. Of interest or opinion—beyond his sheepfold—of fear, or hope, or joy, or sorrow, or any emotion whatsoever, he gave no sign, save

indeed that of one perennial aspiration which found utterance in the only words he was heard by most of us to utter—"I should like to drink your health!" "A fine day, Jack." "Yes, Sir; I should like to drink your health."

"Have you seen my little dog, Jack?" "No, Miss; I should like to drink your health." This was his one form of greeting, of response, and of comment, addressed in the same placid tone to all new-comers, from the pedestrian who nodded good-day to him across the hurdles to the rider who, as in one instance, thrown most unwillingly across them, landed horseless and discomfited before him. And though it is easy to laugh at this homely phrase, it would be difficult to find another at once so brief, so genial, and so generally appropriate.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ROYAL BETROTHAL.

The recent visit of the King of Roumania and his Majesty's father, the Prince of Hohenzollern, to her Majesty Queen Victoria may reasonably be supposed to have been made the opportunity for conferences and family arrangements concerning the intended royal marriage. The union of her Royal Highness Princess Marie of Edinburgh to the Crown Prince

Crown Prince of Roumania. Prince of Hohenzollern. Duke of Edinburgh.



Princess Marie of Edinburgh. Duchess of Edinburgh. King of Roumania.

THE ROYAL BETROTHAL: A GROUP AT CLARENCE HOUSE.

Ferdinand of Roumania, which has been the theme of many congratulations during the past two months, is likely to promote their mutual happiness, and may also be considered an auspicious sign of political confidence in the stability and independence of the comparatively new States created in the East of Europe since the epoch of those wars by which the Turkish Empire was so greatly affected. Our Illustrations, however, will to most readers appear rather to have a personal and domestic interest, like those of other visits to the Queen and incidents in the lives of the royal family.

KANGAROO-HUNTING IN AUSTRALIA.

The vast "island-continent" of the southern hemisphere, with its strange and rather scanty indigenous zoology, is scarcely the finest region of the globe for mere sporting purposes. But of marsupial or pouch-wearing animals—the maternal privilege of the female sex only—it possesses more than a hundred species, kangaroos, opossums, wallabies, and others, some of which have extraordinary leaping speed; and a run on horseback, with good dogs, after the nimble kangaroo may be at least quite as exciting as the chase of the English fox. Our Sketches, by one who has shared in these Australian hunts, represent "the find," the pursuit, "in full cry," and the penultimate scene, where the kangaroo stands at bay, showing fight in a manner rather formidable to the foremost of the dogs; but this display of fierceness will not save him from "the death." His flesh is hardly eatable, but his fat tail makes very good soup.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

The General Election is now virtually over, and, reckoning that the Orkney and Shetland Islands will return a Liberal (as they have always previously done) to Parliament, we may assume that the next Parliament will consist of 274 Liberals and Labour men, 73 Anti-Parnellites, and 9 Parnellites, making a total of 356 votes on the one hand, and of 267 Conservatives and 47 Unionists on the other, making a total Unionist strength of 314. This gives the former combination a clear majority of 42, and makes Mr. Gladstone's return to power practically inevitable. The result has mainly been accomplished by large gains in the English counties and in Wales, with smaller results in Scotland. In other words, a Unionist majority of 116 in 1886 has been converted into a Liberal and Home Rule majority of 42, effecting a change of 158 votes on a division. Four seats (net) have been won in Scotland, and for Wales only two Conservatives have been returned. In the Lancashire county districts Mr. Gladstone is now in a majority of three; in Yorkshire he has swept the board, and in the eastern counties—especially in Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Cambridge (which is wholly represented by Gladstonians)—he has also done well. He has made less progress in the south and west, and, with the exception of Essex, the home counties, Surrey, Sussex, Middlesex, and Kent, are solidly Conservative. From the personal point of view, the most conspicuous loss sustained by the Government is the defeat of Lord Salisbury's son and heir, Lord Cranborne, in the Darwen division of Lancashire. On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain, has with few exceptions, more than held his own in the Birmingham district, and he has even thrown out Sir John Swinburne, a local landlord, for the Lichfield division of Staffordshire. Several prominent Unionists have lost their seats, including Colonel Cornwallis West and Mr. Barclay. The Irish elections have resulted in the return of 73 Anti-Parnellites and nine Parnellites, including most of the old leaders—Dr. Kenny, the two Redmonds, Mr. T. Harrington, and others. On the other hand, the Anti-Parnellites have practically swept the rural districts, and have secured two distinguished adherents in the persons of Mr. Edward Blake, formerly leader of the Liberal party in Canada, and Mr. Michael Davitt, who has beaten a Parnellite in North Meath. The influence of the priesthood has everywhere been vigorously exerted in their favour, and it was in nearly all cases successful. Another return of note has been that of Sir Charles Dilke in the Forest of Dean, who has been elected by a majority of over two thousand above his Unionist opponent, Mr. Colchester Wemyss. Perhaps the most serious blow which has befallen Mr. Gladstone's following is the reduction by 4000 votes of Mr. Gladstone's majority in Midlothian. Mr. Gladstone attributes his narrow escape to the influence of the Kirk, which it is quite possible may try a fresh fall with him should he seek re-election on his appointment as Prime Minister. The new House will contain ten Labour members as against seven in the old.

Meanwhile, Lord Salisbury has expressed his intention of awaiting the opening of Parliament on Aug. 4. He does this on the ground that there is a small majority for Home Rule in England, Scotland, and Wales, taken together, and that Mr. Gladstone owes his supremacy purely to the Irish vote. The *Standard* even goes so far as to suggest that if the

Ministry were beaten on a vote of "no confidence," it might defy such a resolution and continue in office until such time as it could again appeal to the country. This, however, is not a course likely to commend itself to the Government, whose policy it is to obtain an explicit declaration from Mr. Gladstone, and probably to see whether his rather slender majority will be reinforced by the Parnellites, who number nine votes, or eighteen on a division. It is probable, however, that on a vote of "no confidence," the Government will be beaten as soon as the debate on the Address is fairly joined; that a resignation will then take place, and that Mr. Gladstone will undertake the formation of a Liberal Government.

COSTERMONGERS' DONKEY SHOW.

An exhibition of London costermongers' ponies and donkeys useful animals serving useful petty tradesmen, was held on Monday, July 18, at the People's Palace in Mile-End Road. Two hundred of the docile creatures, whose appearance showed good care and treatment, were inspected by the judges, Mr. W. L. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., and Messrs. J. M. Birch and C. and F. Webster. The prizes awarded by these gentlemen were presented by Baroness Burdett-Coutts at a meeting in the Queen's Hall, presided over by the Marquis of Lorne. Lord Monkswell, Mr. W. J. Orsman, and Mr. H. E. Boulton took part in the proceedings. A vote of thanks to the benevolent Baroness Coutts for her constant efforts to promote kindness to animals was acknowledged by Mr. H. M. Stanley on her behalf; he spoke of the services of his own faithful donkey in the African tropical forest.



MOUNT MERU, FROM THE MOCHI MISSION STATION.

At this anxious crisis in the prospects of the combined effort made by the Church Missionary Society and by the British East Africa Company to maintain establishments for promoting civilisation, English trade, and Christian instruction in the troubled native Kingdom of Uganda, fresh illustrations of that region of Africa, or even of the route from the sea-coast to Lake Victoria Nyanza, possess more than ordinary value. We are favoured by the English Bishop of Equatorial Africa, the Right Rev. Alfred Robert Tucker, D.D., who is an accomplished artist, with a few sketches made by him in January and February last, during his journey to visit the mission stations of Taveta, Mochi, and Chagga, which are situated just south of Mount Kilimanjaro, near the frontier line dividing the German and the British territorial jurisdictions from each other, perhaps a hundred and sixty miles inland from the seaport of Mombasa. Bishop Tucker writes that he and a friend, the Rev. H. K. Binns, attended by about fifty porters, left the coast on Jan. 25, and in seven days reached Taro, the border of the waterless plain known as the Taro desert. Happily finding water there in the natural rock reservoirs, they were able to supply the natives with water for the exhausting march of eleven or twelve hours across the desert. At the end of this plain the hills rise towards Teita,

and a beautiful and luxuriant country succeeds the lifeless desert. Of this district the Bishop says: "The scenery is very grand. We passed under some of the finest crags I have ever seen anywhere; they rise to something like the height of 1500 ft. above the level of the plain, and in some places the summits overhang the parts below; water is abundant, animal and bird life very apparent. We could see monkeys playing in the trees; and hawks wheeling overhead told of the presence of smaller birds invisible to us."

Mount Ndara, in the Teita district, is a beautiful hill, the lower slopes of which are cultivated by the Wa-Teita people, who reside on the upper parts of the mountain on account of their great dread of the fierce Masai and Wakumba tribes. On this hill the Church Missionary Society had a station at an elevation of 800 or 1000 ft.—for the present aban-



NATIVE HOUSE, TAVETA.

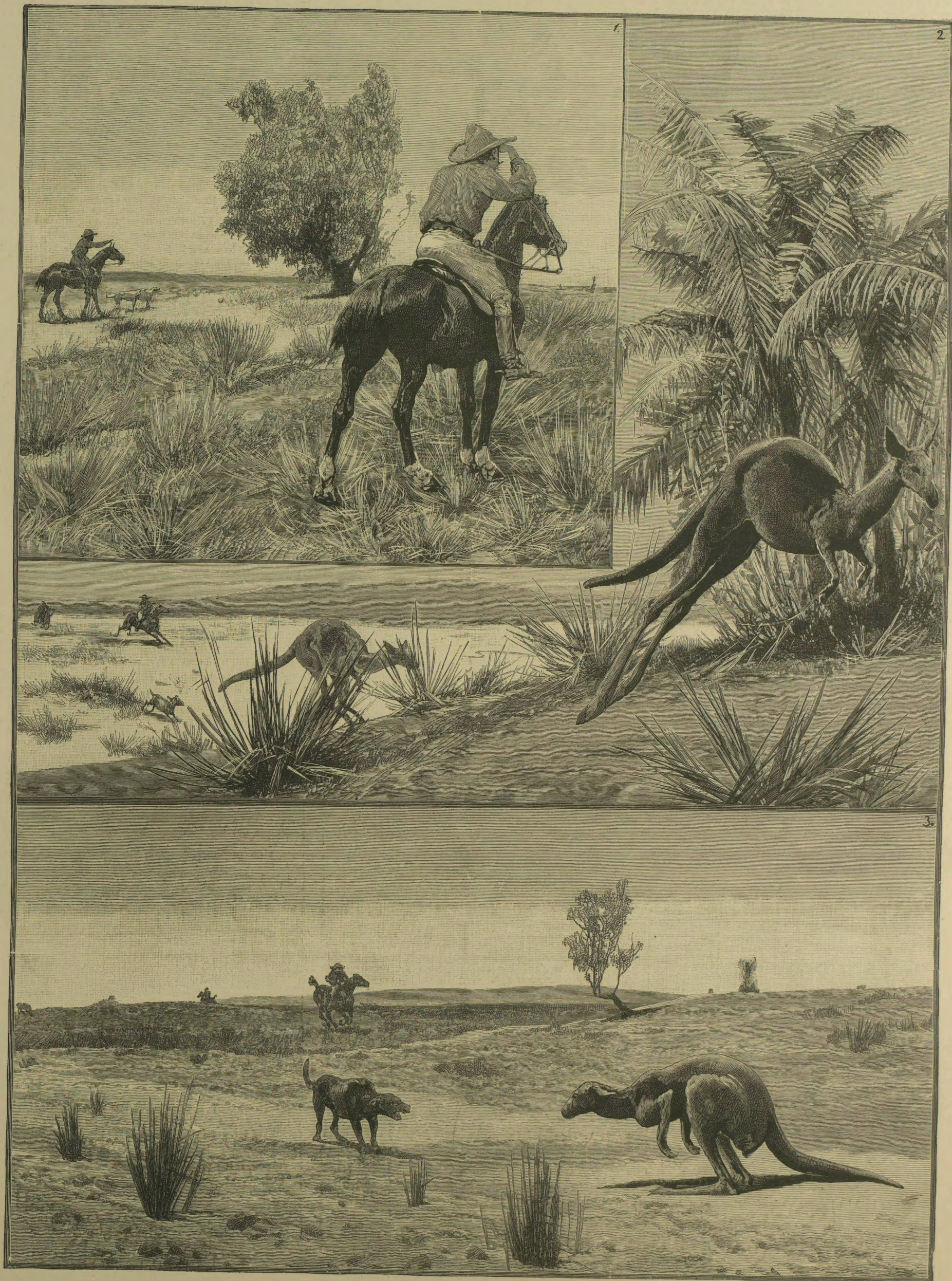


BRIDGE AT TAVETA.

doned. From Teita, heavy marching across an almost boundless plain and low rolling hills, parched in many parts for want of water, brought the Bishop to the beautiful forest of Taveta, which is well described by Mr. Thomson in his "Masai-Land."

The mission station of Mochi stands at an elevation of some 3700 ft. above the sea-level. The climate of this place is delightful. The thermometer very rarely goes above 84 deg., and, generally speaking, the air reminds one of a beautiful summer day in England. The bracken grows round here, and blackberries are abundant. The maidenhair fern, and such flowers as the verbena, the convolvulus, and the heliotrope are seen in plenty. The Bishop's sketch shows part of the village, which is built on a ridge between two gorges, one of the peaks of snow-capped Kilimanjaro being seen in the distance. In the church here at Mochi, Christian baptism was first performed on Feb. 20 this year, of which Bishop Tucker writes: "The service was a striking one. The first part took place in the church, and it was there that I preached. Then the congregation adjourned to a large pool of water just outside the church, which is formed by a stream running down the mountain. There, before the boys of the mission, our men from Frere Town, most of whom are Christians, and a number of the Wa-Mochi, these two lads went down into the water and were baptised."

Another sketch is that of Mount Meru, which rises west of Chagga, about 9000 ft. above the surrounding plain. Mount Kibo, the highest point of Kilimanjaro, rises about 19,000 ft. These places, beyond Taveta, lie within German territory, one-third of the whole distance from the sea-coast to the eastern shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza. West of that lake is Uganda.



1. The Find. 2. Full Cry. 3. At Bay.

KANGAROO-HUNTING IN AUSTRALIA.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Christopher Newman Hall, who has just retired from "active service" after an uninterrupted period of half a century, was born at Maidstone in 1816, was educated at Highbury College, and graduated B.A. and then LL.B. at the University of London, where he gained the law fellowship. The Albion Congregational Church, Hull, was the first to which Mr. Newman Hall was called, in 1842. Twelve years later he was translated to Surrey Chapel, the scene of Rowland Hill's ministrations. Some twenty years ago Christ Church, Lambeth, an imposing building at the junction of the Westminster Bridge and Kennington Roads, took the place of the old octagonal chapel near Blackfriars. Here Mr. Newman Hall has conducted services (differing but little from those of the Church of England) and has attracted large congregations. As a religious writer, this minister is popular; some of his productions have reached millions in circulation. "The Call of the Master," "The Man Christ Jesus," "The Dangers of Negative Theology," his lecture on "The Dignity of Labour," and his "Sermon on Napoleon III." are among the best known of his works.

Mr. John Hutton has been unanimously chosen to succeed Lord Rosebery as the Chairman of the second London County Council. Mr.



MR. JOHN HUTTON.

Hutton was proposed by Lord Carrington and seconded by Mr. John Burns; he then accepted the honour in a tactful and sympathetic speech. He has already done excellent work on the Council, first as Chairman of the Building Acts Committee, and then as Vice-Chairman. He has had a large experience of local government in London, has an excellent presence and a good deal of personal dignity, and is popular with both sections in the Council. His fortune was made in journalism, and by that interesting enterprise the "A B C Railway Guide," of which he is the founder and proprietor. He was returned as one of the members for South St. Pancras when the Council was established in 1889, and has held that position ever since.

The death of Mr. Thomas Cook, the founder of the great excursionist system which bears his name, marks the close of an interesting and useful career. The origin and history of "Cook's" have recently been explained in an interesting volume. Last year its jubilee was also celebrated at a great banquet at the Métropole, at which royalty, art, literature, and travel were all represented. Mr. Cook's career began in 1841, when he arranged to carry 670 excursionists from Leicester to Loughborough to a temperance fête. He took them at a shilling a-head. Later on he began arranging for trips to the Great Exhibition, and he then conveyed 165,000 persons to London and back without a single accident. Scotland was also visited on the cheap trip system, and finally Mr. Cook began his famous Continental tours to Paris, Switzerland, Germany, and elsewhere. From the Continent Mr. Cook turned to the States, to the East, and to trips round the world, his most famous "personally conducted" undertaking being probably the transport service for the Nile Expedition, which was entirely managed by his firm. For this he and his eldest son, who now has the chief control of the vast business, received the thanks of Lord Wolseley. Mr. Cook was to the last a simple, dignified, pious, and unpretending gentleman. His great age—he was eighty-four when he died, a year older than Mr. Gladstone—was accompanied by several infirmities, blindness being one. But he retained his clearness of mind to the last, and he actually recorded his vote in the General Election.

With Thomas Cooper, the last survivor and perhaps the most remarkable of the Chartist has passed away. He was born at Leicester when the century was but five years old; his family removed to Gainsborough, and he was sent to the Blue Coat School of that place. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, but gave up every moment of his leisure time to books. He learnt to read Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and French, and studied also mathematics, history, and



THE LATE THOMAS COOPER.

literature. In 1829 he became a schoolmaster; he was subsequently on the staff of a country newspaper. In 1840 he returned to Leicester, his native town, and there assumed the leadership of the Chartists. During the "Riots" among the Potteries in 1841, he was arrested on a charge of conspiracy, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Stafford Jail. During his incarceration Cooper, who had been educated as a strict Methodist, forsook his early faith in religion. He wrote while in prison what he called his "Mind History" and "The Purgatory of Suicides," an epic poem in ten books. After his release he became known in London as an active political and historical lecturer, and he wrote for "Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper" on the "Condition of the People." At the end of 1855 he recovered from his scepticism, and for many years he lectured in England and Scotland on

the Evidences of Christianity. A Civil List pension was granted him but a short time since, and the peaceful close of a stormy and eventful life has been free from pecuniary cares.

The Parliamentary seat for the Holborn Division of Finsbury, to which Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C., was re-elected

THE NEW JUDGE,
MR. GAINSFORD BRUCE, Q.C.

early in the recent political contest, is again vacated by his appointment to a judgeship, in consequence of the elevation of Mr. Justice A. L. Smith to the Court of Appeal. Mr. Gainsford Bruce, who was born in 1834, is son of the late Rev. Dr. Collingwood Bruce, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, the learned antiquary of the Roman Wall. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, has been at the Bar since 1859, is a Bencher of the Middle Temple, and has held the offices of Recorder of Bradford and Chancellor of the County Palatine of Durham. He is an authority upon the law of merchant shipping and Admiralty practice, and is expected to prove a very useful judge.

Sir Arthur Edward Hardinge, K.C.B., who died at Weymouth last week from injuries by a carriage accident, was second son of the first Lord Hardinge, whose long and brilliant military career embraced the Peninsular War, and the war against the Sikhs, with the campaign on the banks of the Sutlej. Sir Arthur Hardinge served as aide-de-camp to his father in India, and in the Crimean War acted as Assistant Quartermaster-General. He was for some years Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army, and from 1886 to 1890 commanded the troops at Gibraltar. Sir Arthur was Extra Equerry to her Majesty, and had for three years been Equerry to the late Prince Consort. He married, in 1858, a daughter of Colonel Ellis, Bedchamber Woman to the Princess of Wales.

"Independency" was the old name, which has in this generation been superseded by "Congregationalism," designating the views of those English Dissenting communities who held that each particular "church and congregation," meeting in one place, with its chosen pastor, should manage its own affairs without any external connection. The Welsh Independents have just lost, by the death of the Rev. Dr. John Thomas, one sometimes called "the Grand Old Man of Independency," though he was not quite seventy-two years of age, and we could name several deceased ministers in England who lived longer, and who in his time commanded high respect for ability, consistency, and wide scholarship long before the "Congregational Union" was formed. Dr. Thomas was, however, a most zealous and active preacher, having delivered, it is said, 13,000 religious discourses in fifty-two years, what with regular pulpit services, at the Welsh Tabernacle in Liverpool, and what with outdoor preaching at "revivals." He twice visited Canada and the United States, and received his D.D. degree from an American University some years ago.



THE LATE REV. DR. JOHN THOMAS.

Queen Victoria being also an Empress, and being, as much as any other Queen or Empress who ever reigned, the mother of all her subjects, there is something quaint, but true and touching in the visit of her little negress daughter, three years older than her Majesty's royal self, to Windsor Castle on Saturday, July 16. Mrs. Martha Ricks, who came, by the Queen's kind permission, conveyed through Dr. Blyden, diplomatic representative in London of the Liberian Republic, where she has lived nearly all her life, is still a child at heart, like many of her race. As Cowper says, "Skins may differ, but affection lives in black and white the same." Martha was born of a slave family in America; but her father



MRS. RICKS.

was assisted by a philanthropic association to purchase his own freedom and that of his wife and seven children; and they emigrated, with hundreds of other emancipated negro families, to the new colony of Liberia, on the West Coast of Africa, when Martha was but seven years of age. The benevolent American founders of Liberia, at that time, hoped to get rid of the sad and fearful negro problem in the United States by this slow process of sending freed slaves back to the aboriginal abode of their race. It was a romantic dream, and substantially a failure, but Liberia has become the home of many emigrants, and of some native Africans released by the British squadron employed to stop the slave trade on that coast. Martha Ricks, though not a British subject, has all her life felt a strong love for the Queen of England, whom she regards as the Mother of her people, and of all the poor and oppressed. She has come from West Africa in company with Mrs. Roberts, wife of a former President of Liberia; and Mrs. Blyden has taken her to see the Queen. It was the happiest and grandest day in her life. "I cannot tell what she said to me," she says, speaking of her visit; "but the Queen spoke very soft, and I think she must have been saying blessings to me. I shall now, after a time, go back to my country, now that I have done see the Queen, and I shall always remember. I came to England thinking, perhaps, I might see her; plenty of friends have I found here, and have seen her who is our Mother. That I shall remember in the days which go by before the time shall be for sleep."

Brave children are just now gaining fame and special honours by feats of courage and devotion in saving the lives of others. We hear of two small boys venturing into a river where a woman attempted to drown herself, and struggling with the frantic suicide, who tried to push their heads under water. Another boy, seeing a little girl, four years old, fall from an upper window, 50 ft. above the pavement, caught the child in his arms. At Woolwich, Edith Brill, ten years of age, has received the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving one of two little boys who fell into the King William Dock. The child she rescued was two years and a half old. The other boy, whom she tried also to save, was drowned.

Frau Klafsky, the gifted dramatic soprano, whose triumphs have formed such a notable feature of the recent German opera performances in London, is a native of Hungary, and has for some years been a leading member of Herr Pollini's company at the Royal Opera House, Hamburg. The present is not Frau Klafsky's first visit to this country. She was here in 1882, and sang as one of the Rhine daughters in the representations of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" given under Herr Angelo Neumann's direction at Her Majesty's Theatre in that year. Since then, however, by sheer force of vocal and histrionic gifts of the highest order, Frau Klafsky has won her way into the front rank. She is acknowledged to be the finest Fidelio in her country. She is the widow of Herr Greve, an excellent baritone, who was to have sung in London this year, but died just before the season began.



MISS EDITH BRILL.

OUR PORTRAITS.



FRAU KLAFSKY.

We are indebted to Messrs. Parker and Co., Holborn, for our portrait of Mr. Justice Gainsford Bruce; to Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W., for that of Mrs. Ricks; to Messrs. Brown, Barnes, and Bell, of Liverpool, for that of the late Rev. J. Thomas, D.D.; to Mr. T. C. Turner, of Barnsbury Park, N., for that of the late Mr. Thomas Cooper, taken from his autobiography, published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster Row; to Messrs. Cobb and Keir, 29, Plumstead Road, for that of Miss Edith Brill; and to Messrs. Maclardy, of Church Street, Oswestry, for the views of Lake Vyrnwy given in our issue of last week.

For the Parliamentary portraits in this issue we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street; Mr. Franz Baum, 12, Old Bond Street; Mr. R. W. Thomas, 121, Cheapside; Mr. J. Edwards, Park Side, Hyde Park Corner; Messrs. Gabell and Co., Ebury Street, S.W.; Messrs. Werner and Son, Dublin; Messrs. Lafayette, Dublin; Mr. Heath, Plymouth; Mr. Sarony, Scarborough; Mr. A. S. Watson, Edinburgh; Mr. A. Price, Great Yarmouth; Mr. J. A. Draycott, Birmingham; Messrs. E. Hawkins and Co., Brighton; Mr. A. Spurge, Bath; Messrs. Chaffin and Sons, Taunton; and Mr. J. Laing, Shrewsbury.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, on Tuesday, July 19, left Windsor Castle for Osborne House, Isle of Wight, accompanied by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and the children of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg; their Royal High-

remarkable animal. Still, poison or no poison, there can be no doubt that if a poll were taken throughout the country on the relative merits of candidates fit for the Premiership, a large number of votes would be given for Orme.

A poisoning case of a much more serious complexion is now engaging the attention of the law. This is the prosecution of Thomas Neill Cream, who is charged with having murdered several women by giving them strychnine pills. Whether these crimes are brought home to this man or not, they far surpass in atrocity anything known in the criminal calendar in our time except the murders in Whitechapel. The poor women were destroyed apparently for no motive whatever save devilry. The most remarkable evidence has been given by a girl, who alleges that she was told to take the pills by Neill Cream, but threw them away. He is a medical man, and is said to have stated that this girl was dead. One of the marvels of the case is that if the accused is the actual murderer, he should have put his neck into the noose by recklessly trying to blackmail another person, whom he charged with the crimes.

A number of distinguished persons, headed by Lord Tennyson, have issued an appeal to all lovers of Shelley to subscribe to the celebration of the centenary of the poet's birth by the erection of a library and museum at Horsham, in Sussex. Shelley was born at Horsham, but it may be suspected that the inhabitants of that sleepy little town are not keenly alive to its distinction in the world of letters.

The German Emperor Wilhelm has gone whale-fishing, it is understood, to the north coast of Norway and Lapland. There is no German political news. A repulsive instance of the stupid and ignorant bigotry which still prevails in some less enlightened parts of Germany, and which has been fostered by the "Anti-Semitic" party in Prussia seeking to cast odium on their Jewish fellow-citizens, has recently occurred. At Xanten, near Cleves, in the Lower Rhenish province, a Jew named Buschoff, by trade a butcher, was officially prosecuted, in compliance with popular clamour, on the monstrous and incredible charge of having slaughtered a Christian child to procure

blood for some mysterious Jewish secret rites. This was a common accusation brought against the Jews in the Dark Ages, not only in Germany but in England, as illustrated by the ancient legend of little Hugh of Lincoln. Of course there was no evidence to convict the Jewish butcher at Xanten; the prosecution was then withdrawn, and the unlucky Israelite was acquitted, having undergone a long imprisonment and sustained a ruinous loss in his trade. This happened amid a notably Roman Catholic population; but some German Protestant zealots, even at Berlin, are not much wiser, or more just and charitable, towards the Jews. It is probable, however, that animosities of race and class or trade jealousies, almost equally unjust, have some part in this Anti-Semitic mania. At least, in the French army, a conspiracy of foolish officers to drive out their Jewish comrades by incessant bullying and challenging to fight duels, which M. de Freycinet has again severely condemned, will hardly be ascribed to the zeal of Crusaders, as in the age of St. Louis.

In the capital of the French Republic, on July 14, Parisians celebrated the anniversary of the capture of the Bastille with entire tranquillity; the President and Ministers, with the majority of Senators and Deputies, witnessed a review of the military garrison in the Bois de Boulogne; theatres were open gratis, and there was a fête in the Parc de Vincennes; tricolour flags, with some Russian flags among them, decked the streets in the central part of the city; at night, the Hôtel de Ville and other public buildings, with many other houses and shops, were illuminated; the Trocadero, the Eiffel Tower, and a fiery cross on the summit of Montmartre, at the unfinished church of the Sacred Heart, were most conspicuous features of this illumination. The customary pilgrimage of French Alsations bringing wreaths to the statue emblematic of Strasburg was not omitted. The omnibus drivers and conductors of Paris were treated with a dinner in the Champ de Mars.

The Russian Imperial Government has to deal with a new, increasing calamity, the spread of Asiatic cholera from the Caspian ports up the Volga, in spite of which it is not intended to prohibit the annual great trade fair at Nijni-Novgorod in September, and there are serious apprehensions of great mortality from that disease in the provinces where large numbers of people have been weakened by want of food during the famine of last winter. The large town of Baku, on the Caspian, the seat of the petroleum manufacture, is almost deserted by its inhabitants.

The diplomatic mission of Sir Charles Euan-Smith to the Sultan of Morocco, at Fez, suddenly came to a termination, on July 12, in a rather extraordinary manner. The British Minister had proposed a commercial treaty, the advantages of which were to be shared by all nations. He was supported by the representatives of Germany, Austria, Spain, Italy, and Belgium; not by the French. The Sultan, after eight weeks' negotiations, agreed to the treaty on July 5, but has since refused to sign it; his Majesty actually offered a bribe of £30,000 to Sir C. Euan-Smith, if he would accept another draft treaty instead! Of course, the British Mission has been withdrawn.

News from Africa, both on the eastern and on the western side of that continent, does not just now bring satisfaction to those persons in either of the great European nations who are directly concerned with African colonial undertakings. In German East Africa, it is rumoured, there is a native insurrection around Unyanyembe, near the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, which may require all the colonial forces to suppress it, and to secure the important station of Tabora. An exploring expedition conducted by Dr. Oscar Baumann, from Mount Kilimanjaro by a new route to Lake Victoria Nyanza, has made an interesting geographical discovery. Of the two lakes, Manyara and Eiassi, the one seventy-four miles long, the other ninety-three, we believe the latter was hitherto quite unknown, and the former, which is salt, had not been examined.

With regard to the sanguinary feud between Roman Catholic and Protestant native converts in Uganda, we have despatches from two British officers, Captain F. D. Lugard and Captain W. H. Williams, in the service of the British East Africa Company, putting quite a different complexion on that unhappy conflict.

X.

MAX ALVARY AS TANNHÄUSER.

Drawn from life, by Birkenruth.

nesses the parents of these children having gone on a visit to Germany.

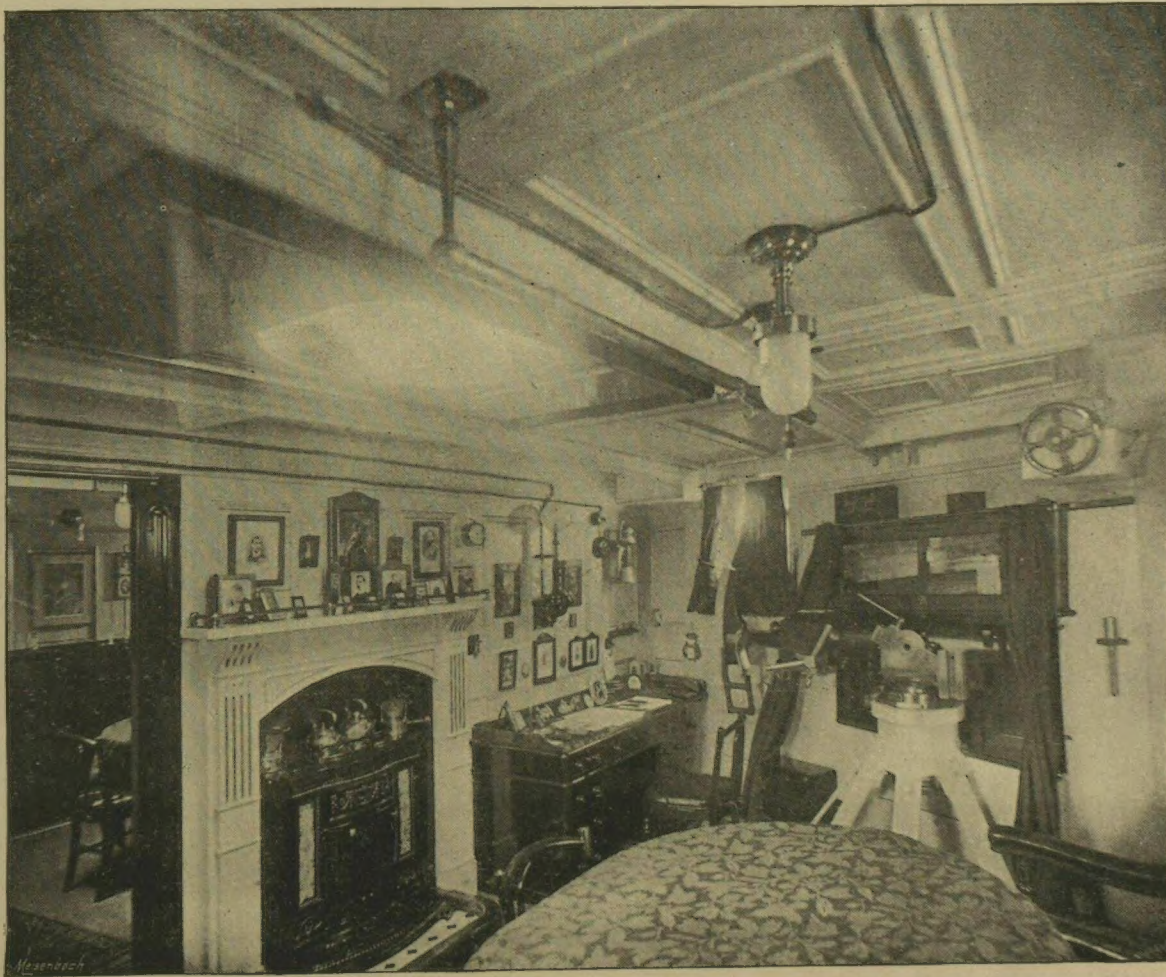
The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their two unmarried daughters, left Marlborough House on Monday, July 18, for Sandringham, Norfolk.

A summary of the results of the General Election will be found in a separate article, with a glance at the prospects for the opening of Parliament on Aug. 4. The great reduction of Mr. Gladstone's majority in Midlothian is ascribed chiefly to the influence of the Established Church in Scotland, or the "Auld Kirk," as it is affectionately called. In Wales Disestablishment is so popular that the Liberals have secured nearly the whole representation, only two Unionist members being left in the Principality. In Scotland, on the other hand, the Establishment party has made a stubborn fight, though the Liberals have gained eight seats, and now outnumber their opponents by two to one. Mr. Gladstone's majority in Midlothian fell from four thousand odd in 1885 to barely seven hundred in 1892. It was declared that the Unionists in the county would oppose his re-election when he takes office, but, as this proceeding is strongly discountenanced by the Unionist leaders, there is not likely to be another contest.

In Newcastle Mr. John Morley may not be so fortunate as his chief. When he seeks re-election it is very probable that a strenuous effort will be made to oust him. The recent poll in Newcastle disclosed a combination of Unionists and of offended working men, who dislike Mr. Morley's economic views, and it is on the cards that the same combination may presently cost him his seat. Among the champions unhorsed in the electoral battle is Viscount Cranborne, the Prime Minister's eldest son, who was defeated in the Darwen division of Lancashire. Eldest sons have fared rather ill, for the Marquis of Bath's heir, Viscount Weymouth, was overthrown in North Somerset, and some parts of the country are strewn with noble corpses. On the other hand, Mr. Austen Chamberlain had a triumphant majority in East Worcestershire; and a young man bearing the historic name of Coningsby Disraeli, nephew of Lord Beaconsfield, enters Parliament as the representative of the Altrincham division of Cheshire.

One member of the new Parliament has already been removed to another sphere. This is Mr. Gainsford Bruce, who becomes a judge in succession to Mr. Justice Smith, who has been elevated to the Court of Appeal. Mr. Bruce's seat in Holborn will pass to Sir Charles Hall, and not, as was at first supposed, to Mr. Ritchie, for whom a seat has yet to be found.

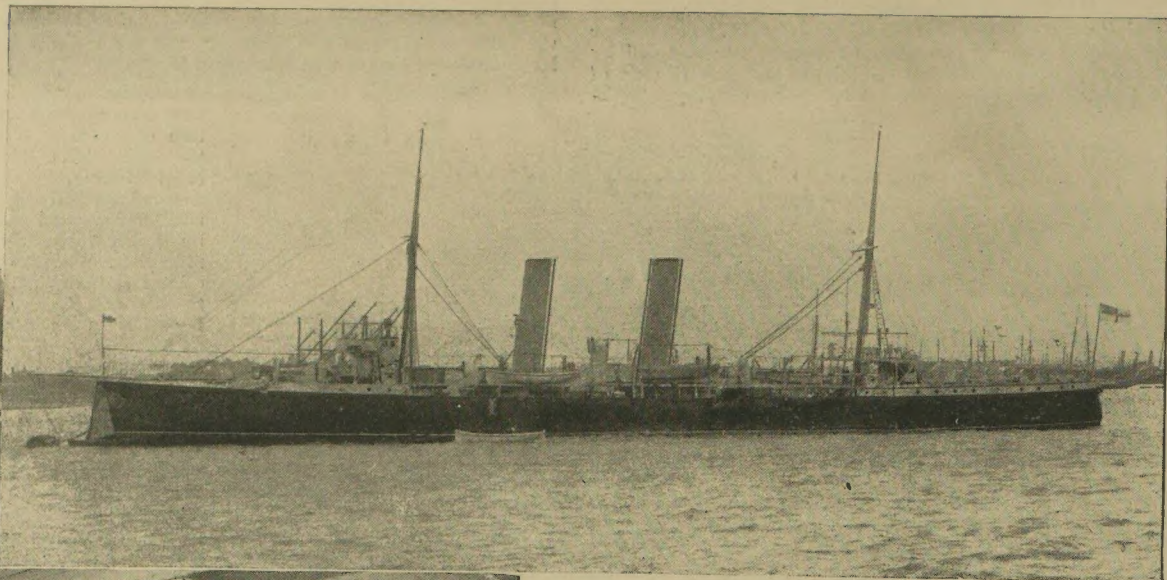
Amid the political excitement, little attention has been paid to two notable incidents. Scotland won the Elcho Challenge Shield at Bisley with the largest score ever made in this rifle competition; and Orme, the Duke of Westminster's horse, the hero of the great turf mystery, won the Eclipse Stakes. It has never been discovered who attempted to "nobble" Orme, and the prevailing impression now is that poison never had anything to do with the illness of this



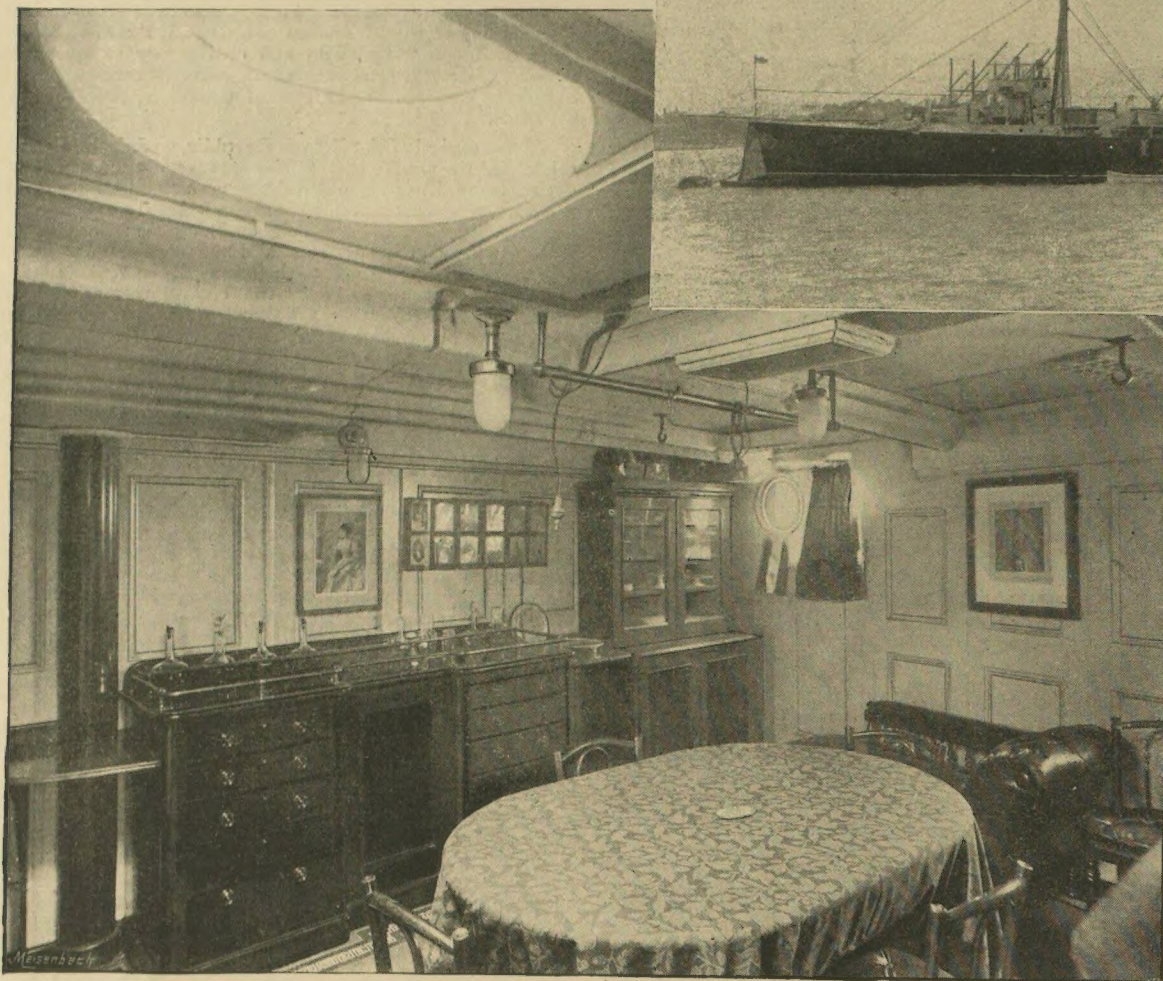
H.M.S. MELAMPUS: THE PRINCE'S CABIN.

THE DUKE OF YORK AND H.M.S. MELAMPUS.

The ship now under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, H.M.S. Melampus, belongs to the first division of the "Red Fleet," commanded by Vice-Admiral H. Fairfax, in the Naval Manœuvres appointed to take place from July 12 to July 28. The Melampus is a twin-screw cruiser of the second class, unarmoured saving a deck protected by two-inch



H.M.S. MELAMPUS.



H.M.S. MELAMPUS: THE PRINCE'S DINING-ROOM.

steel plate; she was built at Barrow-in-Furness, by contract, and was launched two years ago. The hull is constructed of steel; its dimensions are: length, 300 ft.; breadth of beam, 43 ft.; draught, 16 ft. 6 in.; displacement of water, 3400 tons. The engines are, together, of 9000-horse power, working the two screw-propellers so as to attain a possible speed of twenty knots an hour; the ship carries 400 tons of coal, sufficient for steaming 8000 knots at the speed of ten knots an hour. The cost of this ship was £171,635. Her armament consists of two six-inch breech-loading rifled guns, six quick-firing guns of 4.7 in. calibre, and eight six-pounders, one three-pounder quick-firing, four machine-guns, two fixed torpedo-tubes, and two launching torpedo-carriages. The Melampus was recently commissioned at Portsmouth, and has been furnished with special cabin and state-room accommodation for his Royal Highness. Our illustrations of the ship and portraits of the officers, from photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, have some interest at the present time. The Melampus is one of the seventeen cruisers, of the same class, ordered for construction by the present Board of Admiralty in 1889, including the Indefatigable, Latona, Pique, Spartan, Sirius, Naiad, Terpsichore, Thetis, and Tribune, built by private contractors, and several built in the royal dockyards.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK AND OFFICERS ON BOARD H.M.S. MELAMPUS.



UMA; OR THE BEACH OF FALESÁ. (BEING THE NARRATIVE OF A SOUTH-SEA TRADER)

By
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

We walked right in through the store, and I was surprised to find Uma had cleared away the dinner things. This was so unlike her ways that I saw she had done it out of gratitude, and liked her the better. She and Mr. Tarleton called each other by name, and he was very civil to her seemingly. But I thought little of that; they can always find civility for a Kanaka, it's us white men they lord it over. Besides, I didn't want much Tarleton just then. I was going to do my pitch.

"Uma," said I, "give us your marriage certificate." She looked put out. "Come," said I, "you can trust me. Hand it up."

She had it about her person, as usual; I believe she thought it was a pass to heaven, and if she died without having it handy she would go to hell. I couldn't see where she put it the first time; I couldn't see now where she took it from; it seemed to jump into her hand like that Blavatsky business in the papers. But it's the same way with all island women, and I guess they're taught it when young.

"Now," said I, with the certificate in my hand, "I was married to this girl by Black Jack the negro. The certificate was wrote by Case, and it's a dandy piece of literature, I promise you. Since then I've found that there's a kind of cry in the place against this wife of mine, and so long as I keep her I cannot trade. Now, what would any man do in my place, if he was a man?" I said. "The first thing he would do is this, I guess." And I took and tore up the certificate and bunged the pieces on the floor.

"Aue!" cried Uma, and began to clap her hands; but I caught one of them in mine.

"And the second thing that he would do," said I, "if he was what I would call a man and you would call a man, Mr. Tarleton, is to bring the girl right before you or any other missionary, and to up and say: 'I was wrong married to this wife of mine, but I think a heap of her, and now I want to be married to her right.' Fire away, Mr. Tarleton. And I guess you'd better do it in native; it'll please the old lady," I said, giving her the proper name of a man's wife upon the spot.

So we had in two of the crew to witness, and were spliced in our own house; and the parson prayed a good bit, I must say—but not so long as some—and shook hands with the pair of us.

"Mr. Wiltshire," he says, when he had made out the lines and packed off the witnesses, "I have to thank you for a very lively pleasure. I have rarely performed the marriage ceremony with more grateful emotions."

That was what you would call talking. He was going on, besides, with more of it, and I was ready for as much taffy as he had in stock, for I felt good. But Uma had been taken up with something half through the marriage, and cut straight in.

"How your hand he get hurt?" she asked.

"You ask Case's head, old lady," says I.

She jumped with joy, and sang out.

"You haven't made much of a Christian of this one," says I to Mr. Tarleton.

"We didn't think her one of our worst," says he, "when she was at Fale-alii; and if Uma bears malice I shall be tempted to fancy she has good cause."

"Well, there we are at service number two," said I. "I

want to tell you our yarn, and see if you can let a little daylight in."

"Is it long?" he asked.

"Yes," I cried; "it's a goodish bit of a yarn!"

"Well, I'll give you all the time I can spare," says he, looking at his watch. "But I must tell you fairly I haven't eaten since five this morning, and, unless you can let me have something, I am not likely to eat again before seven or eight to-night."

"By God, we'll give you dinner!" I cried.

I was a little caught up at my swearing, just when all was going straight; and so was the missionary, I suppose, but he made believe to look out of the window, and thanked us.

So we ran him up a bit of a meal. I was bound to let the old lady have a hand in it, to show off; so I deputised her to brew the tea. I don't think I ever met such tea as she turned out. But that was not the worst, for she got round with the salt-box, which she considered an extra European touch, and turned my stew into sea-water. Altogether, Mr. Tarleton had a devil of a dinner of it; but he had plenty entertainment by the way, for all the while that we were cooking, and afterwards, when he was making believe to eat, I kept posting him



I kept posting him up on Master Case and the beach of Falesá.

up on Master Case and the beach of Falesá, and he putting questions that showed he was following close.

"Well," said he at last, "I am afraid you have a dangerous enemy. This man Case is very clever and seems really wicked. I must tell you I have had my eye on him for nearly a year, and have rather had the worst of our encounters. About the time when the last representative of your firm ran so suddenly away, I had a letter from Namu, the native pastor, begging me to come to Falesá at my earliest convenience, as his flock were all 'adopting Catholic practices.' I had great confidence in Namu; I fear it only shows how easily we are deceived. No one could hear him preach and not be persuaded he was a man of extraordinary parts. All our islanders easily acquire a kind of eloquence, and can roll out and illustrate with a great deal of vigour and fancy second-hand sermons; but Namu's sermons are his own, and I cannot deny that I have found them means of grace. Moreover, he has a keen curiosity in secular things, does not fear work, is clever at carpentering, and has made himself so much respected among the neighbouring pastors that we call him, in a jest which is half serious, the Bishop of the East. In short, I was proud of the man; all the more puzzled by his letter, and took an occasion to come this way. The morning before my arrival, Vigours had been sent on board the Lion, and Namu was perfectly at his ease, apparently ashamed of his letter, and quite unwilling to explain it. This, of course, I could not allow, and he ended by confessing that he had been much concerned to find his people using the sign of the cross, but since

'Misi,' said he, 'you have told me there were wise men, not pastors, not even holy, who knew many things useful to be taught—about trees for instance, and beasts, and to print books, and about the stones that are burned to make knives of. Such men teach you in your college, and you learn from them, but take care not to learn to be unholy. Misi, Case is my college.'

"I knew not what to say. Mr. Vigours had evidently been driven out of Falesá by the machinations of Case and with something not very unlike the collusion of my pastor. I called to mind it was Namu who had reassured me about Adams, and traced the rumour to the ill-will of the priest. And I saw I must inform myself more thoroughly from an impartial source. There is an old rascal of a chief here, Faiaso, whom I dare say you saw to-day at the council; he has been all his life turbulent and shy, a great fomentor of rebellions, and a thorn in the side of the mission and the island. For all that he is very shrewd, and, except in politics or about his own misdemeanours, a teller of the truth. I went to his house, told him what I had heard, and besought him to be frank. I do not think I had ever a more painful interview. Perhaps you will understand me, Mr. Wiltshire, if I tell you that I am perfectly serious in these old-wives' tales with which you reproached me, and as anxious to do well for these islands as you can be to please and to protect your pretty wife. And you are to remember that I thought Namu a paragon, and was proud of the man as one of the first ripe fruits of the mission. And now I was informed that he had fallen in a

was I to find as good? At that moment, with Namu's failure fresh in my view, the work of my life appeared a mockery; hope was dead in me. I would rather repair such tools as I had than go abroad in quest of others that must certainly prove worse; and a scandal is, at the best, a thing to be avoided when humanly possible. Right or wrong, then, I determined on a quiet course. All that night I denounced and reasoned with the erring pastor, twitted him with his ignorance and want of faith, twitted him with his wretched attitude, making clean the outside of the cup and platter, callously helping at a murder, childishly flying in excitement about a few childish, unnecessary, and inconvenient gestures; and long before day I had him on his knees and bathed in the tears of what seemed a genuine repentance. On Sunday I took the pulpit in the morning and preached from First Kings, nineteenth, on the fire, the earthquake, and the voice, distinguishing the true spiritual power, and referring with such plainness as I dared to recent events in Falesá. The effect produced was great, and it was much increased when Namu rose in his turn and confessed that he had been wanting in faith and conduct, and was convinced of sin. So far, then, all was well; but there was one unfortunate circumstance. It was nearing the time of our 'May' in the island, when the native contributions to the mission are received; it fell in my duty to make a notification on the subject, and this gave my enemy his chance, by which he was not slow to profit.

"News of the whole proceedings must have been carried to Case as soon as church was over, and the same afternoon he made an occasion to meet me in the midst of the village. He came up with so much intentness and animosity that I felt it would be damaging to avoid him.

"So," says he, in native, 'here is the holy man. He has been preaching against me, but that was not in his heart. He has been preaching upon the love of God; but that was not in his heart, it was between his teeth. Will you know what was in his heart?' cries he. 'I will show it you!' And, making a snatch at my hand, he made believe to pluck out a dollar, and held it in the air.

"There went that rumour through the crowd with which Polynesians receive a prodigy. As for myself, I stood amazed. The thing was a common conjuring trick, which I have seen performed at home a score of times; but how was I to convince the villagers of that? I wished I had learned legerdemain instead of Hebrew, that I might have paid the fellow out with his own coin. But there I was; I could not stand there silent, and the best that I could find to say was weak.

"I will trouble you not to lay hands on me again," said I. "I have no such thought," said he, 'nor will I deprive you of your dollar. Here it is,' he said, and flung it at my feet. I am told it lay where it fell three days."

"I must say it was well played," said I. "Oh! he is clever," said Mr. Tarleton, "and you can now see for yourself how dangerous. He was a party to the horrid death of the paralytic; he is accused of poisoning Adams; he drove Vigours out of the place by lies that might have led to murder; and there is no question but he has now made up his mind to rid himself of you. How he means to try we have no guess; only be sure, it's something new. There is no end to his readiness and invention."

"He gives himself a sight of trouble," says I. "And after all, what for?"

"Why, how many tons of copra may they make in this district?" asked the missionary.

"I daresay as much as sixty tons," says I.

"And what is the profit to the local trader?" he asked.

"You may call it three pounds," said I.

"Then you can reckon for yourself how much he does it for," said Mr. Tarleton. "But the more important thing is to defeat him. It is clear he's spread some report against Uma, in order to isolate and have his wicked will of her. Failing of that, and seeing a new rival come upon the scene, he used her in a different way. Now, the first point to find out is about Namu. Uma, when people began to leave you and your mother alone, what did Namu do?"

"Stop away all-e-same," says Uma.

"I fear the dog has returned to his vomit," said Mr. Tarleton. "And now what am I to do for you? I will speak to Namu, I will warn him he is observed; it will be strange if he allow anything to go on amiss when he is put upon his guard. At the same time, this precaution may fail, and then you must turn elsewhere. You have two people at hand to whom you might apply. There is, first of all, the priest, who might protect you by the Catholic interest; they are a wretchedly small body, but they count two chiefs. And then there is old Faiaso. Ah! if it had been some years ago, you would have needed no one else; but his influence is much reduced, it has gone into Maen's hands, and Maca, I fear, is one of Case's jackals. In fine, if the worst comes to the worst, you must send up or come yourself to Fale-alii, and, though I am not due at this end of the island for a month, I will just see what can be done."

So Mr. Tarleton said farewell; and half an hour later the crew were singing and the paddles flashing in the missionary-boat.

(To be continued.)

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred (from Jan. 2 to June 25, 1892) of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.

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"Will you know what was in his heart?" cries he. "I will show it you!" And making a snatch at my hand, he made believe to pluck out a dollar, and held it in the air.

he had learned the explanation his mind was satisfied. For Vigours had the Evil Eye, a common thing in a country of Europe called Italy, where men were often struck dead by that kind of devil, and it appeared the sign of the cross was a charm against its power.

"And I explain it, Misi," said Namu, 'in this way: The country in Europe is a Popey country, and the devil of the Evil Eye may be a Catholic devil, or, at least, used to Catholic ways. So then I reasoned thus: if this sign of the cross were used in a Popey manner it would be sinful, but when it is used only to protect men from a devil, which is a thing harmless in itself, the sign too must be harmless. For the sign is neither good nor bad, even as a bottle is neither good nor bad. But if the bottle be full of gin, the gin is bad; and if the sign be made in idolatry, so is the idolatry bad.' And, very like a native pastor, he had a text apposite about the casting out of devils.

"And who has been telling you about the Evil Eye?" I asked.

"He admitted it was Case. Now, I am afraid you will think me very narrow, Mr. Wiltshire, but I must tell you I was displeased, and cannot think a trader at all a good man to advise or have an influence upon my pastors. And, besides, there had been some flying talk in the country of old Adams and his being poisoned, to which I had paid no great heed; but it came back to me at the moment.

"And is this Case a man of a sanctified life?" I asked.

"He admitted he was not; for, though he did not drink, he was profligate with women, and had no religion.

"Then," said I, 'I think the less you have to do with him the better.'

"But it is not easy to have the last word with a man like Namu. He was ready in a moment with an illustration.

sort of dependence upon Case. The beginning of it was not corrupt; it began, doubtless, in fear and respect, produced by trickery and pretence; but I was shocked to find that another element had been lately added, that Namu helped himself in the store, and was believed to be deep in Case's debt. Whatever the trader said, that Namu believed with trembling. He was not alone in this; many in the village lived in a similar subjection; but Namu's case was the most influential, it was through Namu Case had wrought most evil; and with a certain following among the chiefs, and the pastor in his pocket, the man was as good as master of the village. You know something of Vigours and Adams, but perhaps you have never heard of old Underhill, Adams's predecessor. He was a quiet, mild old fellow, I remember, and we were told he had died suddenly: white men die very suddenly in Falesá. The truth, as I now heard it, made my blood run cold. It seems he was struck with a general palsy, all of him dead but one eye, which he continually winked. Word was started that the helpless old man was now a devil, and this vile fellow Case worked upon the natives' fears, which he professed to share, and pretended he durst not go into the house alone. At last a grave was dug, and the living body buried at the far end of the village. Namu, my pastor, whom I had helped to educate, offered up prayer at the hateful scene.

"I felt myself in a very difficult position. Perhaps it was my duty to have denounced Namu and had him deposed. Perhaps I think so now, but at the time it seemed less clear. He had a great influence, it might prove greater than mine. The natives are prone to superstition; perhaps by stirring them up I might but ingrain and spread these dangerous fancies. And Namu besides, apart from this novel and accursed influence, was a good pastor, an able man, and spiritually minded. Where should I look for a better? How



BERLIN

T^O BUDA-PEST ON A BICYCLE.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

VII.

As we pushed our bicycles over the paving of Prague, a young man stepped up to us, and a crowd gathered. He was a Freemason of the wheel, disguised in everyday dress; they were mere idle loafers. While they stared, he directed us out of the town—he was an unpatriotic young Czech, and spoke German—planned a new route for us, and sent us on our way rejoicing, for he said the road from Prague to Carlsbad was the best in Bohemia.

We crossed the bridge, we toiled up the hill, we followed the horse-car tracks, we rode and walked through an endless suburb, past the enormous fortifications, past a great monastery with the feeling of the East in its many domes: we were at last in the open country; but all the good road we found was in the young man's promise. Up and down we went, on foot the greater part of the time; and the road stretched a straight line in front of us, so that at the top of every hill we foresaw our coming martyrdom. The surface was so bad it kept us to the narrowest footpath; and that we should have fared no better with our faces turned the other way we knew by the weary cyclist bound for Prague, who sat on the grass mopping his face, his tall ordinary propped up against the tree behind him. All disagreeable things are sure to come together. Of course we lost our way in the hills, and made our journey twice as long as it need have been; and equally, of course, everybody to whom we appealed for help gave us different directions. The road-mender told us to keep on; a polite man, out walking with his wife, told us to go back. We were so bewildered that I remember one village through which we rode four times, to the joy of all the youthful population. Then, so long were the kilometres that every town we came to we were certain must be Schlan, where we made up our minds we would spend the night. But it always turned out to be some other place, until we began to think we were hopelessly off the track and would never come to Schlan at all. Nothing reconciled me to life, save the honours—musical honours once—we received by the way. In the road an old organ-grinder, in a small cart, pulled by a woman, at sight of us stopped in the middle of the road, seized his organ, and ground out vigorously a stirring, wheezy march, and its gasps and hoarse gurgles floated after us until we were out of hearing. In a town men, at their shop-doors in the square, cried "Bravo! bravo!" as we passed.

But my first happy moment was when, after the sun had set, we wheeled up in front of the Hotel of the Post in Schlan. It was run by a young enthusiast with three machines in his hall, and an irreproachable English cut to his clothes. Even his vest was in the very latest Piccadilly fashion, and the only thing that gave him away was the pointed toe to his boots. He was waiter as well as proprietor, and as he was so much more elegant than we had ever hoped to be, we were a trifle embarrassed to know what to do about feeding him. It was awkward to offer such an imposing person the regulation half-dozen or so kreutzers. But there was another man, a native evidently, having his supper at a near table, and we watched to see how he would manage. As he left the usual coppers on the table, we ventured to do the same, and the young swell came and took them as gratefully as a common waiter, and became in return quite amiable and confidential. It was from Schlan that the road was so very good, he said, and he drew such a glowing picture of the pleasure awaiting us that we forgot that the youth in Prague had been as enthusiastic about the run to Schlan.

Naturally, it rained in the morning, and, quite as naturally, the flood did not begin until we were out of the town. It seemed too late to turn back, and, hoping that perhaps it was only a passing shower, we went and stood in the tall grass under a cherry-tree, where peasants, on the way from the market in Schlan, were standing too. But the rain kept on about as steadily as it knew how: it began to get damp under the cherry-tree, and we started a second time. Then, floundering in the mud, I tumbled off my machine, and J— had to help me on, when I promptly fell a second time. After that, we tried waiting under the trees again, then we rode a little, then we decided to go back to Schlan, and we went about half a kilometre towards it. Then we thought that would be nonsense, and we turned our faces once more in the direction of Carlsbad. Then I fell off some more. It was awful.

When I fell for the sixth time, J— got off his machine and waited for me to catch up to him. The rain for the

minute had stopped. "I am sick and tired of this sort of thing," he said; "we won't go another foot until you have learned to get on by yourself."

For, so far, I have carefully concealed the fact that, though I had cycled it from Cologne to Berlin and from Berlin to Prague, I could not yet mount my safety unless J— steadied it by holding the saddle. This was all very well at our first start in the morning. But there were times when it became an unqualified nuisance—when, for example, a rut or a stone brought me to my feet, or I came off for no particular reason, but much to my own surprise. J— might be yards ahead at the time; if he did not happen to look back, he might, and often did, ride out of sight. He would go on communing with nature, or something; I would stand by the roadside screaming, though he says my scream is not a success—it is too much like the squeak of an india-rubber doll. He declared that he was either perpetually turning his head to see if I was all right, or else waiting half an hour at a time for me to overtake him. As for me, it was not much more amusing. Many a long walk, pushing my machine, was I forced to take sorely against my will. And now and then I was in positive danger, as on the ever-memorable morning when a vicious cur ran out barking from a farmhouse and caught my skirt between its teeth. I had warned J—, as long ago as that first day out of Calais, that this would happen. I called wildly, "J—! J—!" but, as usual, he did not hear me. Brought to the ground, I should be at the mercy of the beast—there was no escape. But, fortunately, it had barked itself out of breath, and could not keep its hold for more than a minute, and I stuck to my machine like grim death.

Now, I knew that J— was right. But it was so much easier to put off the evil moment. I feebly expostulated.

"No," he said, "it's perfect nonsense, and we won't move until you can do it yourself." He leaned on the saddle of his machine and watched. "Now get on."

"The wind is right in my face," I groaned.

"Turn your machine around," was his cheerful suggestion.

"It's always the way," I told him; "you always choose the wrong time. I'm so hungry I don't know what to do with myself. My strength's all gone."

"I don't care if it is," was his one and only answer.

"You've got to get on, or we won't stir from this place all day."

Well, of course, I did get on; not at the first trial, or the second, or at the third, but at the fourth, and, though there were tears in my eyes, I was intensely proud when I wheeled away all by myself. And when another heavy shower almost immediately forced me to jump off again and put on my macintosh, J— had to beg very humbly before I would let him help me mount in the old fashion, because, he explained, it was so much harder in the rain and with my long cape catching in the saddle.

I was quite in earnest when I said that I was hungry; but all we got for breakfast was cold sausages and bread and beer, which we ate in company with a wandering organ-grinder, a peddler, and two carters in a village inn. Bohemia is not the ideal land for the hungry cyclist: long kilometres lie between good meals. But the smallest Bohemian inn, with its big bare room furnished with rough chairs and tables, and a selection of the royal family on the walls, is immaculately clean. In primitive, out-of-the-way places you are served with rolls which in London are only to be had at the Vienna Bakery; and when it comes to the beer—Pilsener beer—why, then I wish I were a poet to sing its praises aright. In Germany I drank beer under protest; in Bohemia with pleasure. It is so light that, warm and thirsty after your morning's work, you can take a great, long, refreshing drink and be none the worse, but much the better, for it, and everywhere it is brought to you cold as ice. The natives, too, when they talk a language you understand, are kind and friendly, and in this part of the country, as the rococo statues grow fewer and fewer, more and more of the people speak German. The entire company spoke it in the inn where we lunched, and where the motherly landlady, in a burst of amiability, offered me a bite of the cinnamon bun she was eating, which, apparently, she had made for herself as a special treat.

The proprietor of the Post, if he spoke the truth, often rides from Schlan to Carlsbad in a day. But it is more probable that he lied. All cyclists do, so that it reflects no discredit upon him as a hotel-keeper, or as a cyclist either. It is only a way men—and women—who ride cycles have when they talk about their performances; which means that my readers must decide for themselves how much of my story is to be believed. I can assure them, however, that they need be in no doubt when I say that all that afternoon we toiled up and down, up and down through a country divided into countless patches of cultivated ground, between rows of cherry-trees, meeting a ceaseless procession of peasants, the women bearing the burdens and doing the work, the men smoking their long pipes, and that by the sunset hour we had got no farther than Lubenz. It was not a large village, nor was its best hotel much better than the inn where we had eaten our midday meal. But the room into which we were shown, though carpetless, and with cheap pine beds and washing-stand and two chairs for all furniture, was fresh and clean. The bare floor was as white as constant scrubbing could make it, and the linen was spotless. Bohemia is a clean country.



ELBOGEN.

As we had no idea of paying higher than Métropole rates in this small village, we asked how much the room would be. The landlord smiled warily, shifted from one foot to the other, and started downstairs without answering. We called him back. "It will not be two gulden," he said. But we insisted, and at last he offered it to us for one—about a shilling and ninepence. To make sure of us in his turn, he locked up the bicycles in another room and pocketed the key, and charged for our beds with our supper. In France, in an inn of the same size, the room would have been atrocious, the dinner delicious. Here the supper was only passable. It was amusing, however, for the red cloth was laid in the common room below, where every little girl in the village, one after another, came in with a jug for beer, and where, around a table in the centre, a

postman and two or three of his cronies, in soft felt hats and feathers, gathered for the evening pipe and Pilsener. It was funny to hear how the postman, who was an official, always spoke German, even to answer his friends' Bohemian.

The next day's ride was a queer contrast to the run from Schlan to Lubenz. We still had the hills, now with, now against us, now better, now worse, until, finally, in long steep zigzags, the road dropped from the hilly upland to the green hollow where Carlsbad lay, well shut in by mountains. But yesterday we had lunched in a wayside inn with peddlers and organ-grinders and carters; this morning we breakfasted in the swellest hotel in Carlsbad with magnates and idlers from every corner of the earth. For, if one day you eat cold sausages and butterless bread, the next you will have saved up enough to have Hungarian wine and *pâté de foie gras*. Thus you can average your daily expenses. It may not be true economy, but it is nice. We did not think we had a moneyed look, but the waiter did. When, modestly, we said we would like to wash our hands, we were led up three flights of stairs into a large bed-room, where two chambermaids came to bring one pitcher of water and a towel, and where a notice on the wall explained, in all civilised languages, that you were expected to fee all servants who looked at you, and it gave the tariff for it too. We were assured that there was no table d'hôte. In the dining-room, the waiter came up rubbing his hands: what would we have? The bill of fare, we told him. But we could have anything, he explained; there was *rosbif* English. But we got our bill of fare in the course of time. We do not believe in paying fancy prices made for our special benefit. And then, no sooner had we given our orders than we saw the menu of a breakfast to begin at twelve—that is, an hour later. The soup he brought was taken back to the kitchen. It is not only in the small village that the Bohemian will cheat you if he can.

The springs were under repair. All sorts of pipes and appliances were being laid down and set up in the colonnades, and it looked as if it were going to take a steam-engine to get those waters to work again. In the streets the most conspicuous objects were the Polish Jews, in long black caftans, a corkscrew curl over each ear, and unkempt beards. We expected to find the streets here a new edition of the Row or of the Bois de Boulogne; instead, they swarmed with creatures who would have seemed more at home in Bethnal Green or Batignolles. We wondered whether Carlsbad had been made a headquarters for Baron Hirsch's emigrants. It was only



THE SQUARE AT EGER.

many days later that a Pole we met on the road explained that the place is as popular with Polish Jews as with crowned heads of Europe.

After Carlsbad we came to the one and only real castle we saw in Bohemia. It was in Elbogen, and it stood well on a wooded hill, with the river flowing round it—a Bohemian Durham. We sat down by the roadside to have a look at such an unexpected sight, when three cyclists, feet up, coasted madly by. They waited for us in the town, wheeled slowly over the paving, where we, with better sense, walked, and across the bridge beyond, and then they asked if they might ride with us. We could not say no, but it made me rather nervous. How would I succeed in getting on my machine? I had not yet had two days' practice. However, with J—'s help I made a creditable start; and if I tumbled once without provocation and knocked over the whole procession, later I climbed a long hill with great distinction. They were scorers, and did their best to run away from us, until, before long, they stopped for their first drink, and they kept on drinking the rest of the way. In every little town we missed them, and then in five or ten minutes they would overtake us, and say that they were so thirsty they had stopped for beer. And in front of wayside farmhouses we left them, great cups of milk in their hands.

Towards evening, however, we let them get well ahead. Why should one tear when the road is good, the country pretty, and the sun setting behind far wooded hills, its light falling here and there on a broad pool in the open fields, or between the pines by the wayside? But when someone who wants to get on is riding with you, you are bound to keep up with him, and so you hang the sunset, and put your head down and scorch! But once rid of them, there was nothing to hurry us, and at this hour we always loved to linger as we rode. Believe me, there are few greater pleasures in life than to cycle through a fair land at the hour of sunset in the peaceful quiet of the closing day.

Eger was a fitting end to the afternoon's riding. Its beautiful square was gaily decorated with greens and a triumphal arch was raised at one end, as if to celebrate our coming. But they were quick to tell us at the hotel that all this display was in preparation for a grand Schützen Fest to be held on Sunday.

Here, instead of the carpetless room, with its cheap pine beds of the night before, we slept in a palatial apartment, with large bow window overlooking the square, and great silver candelabra set upon the table, and yet we only paid a gulden more than in the humbler quarters. If you travel by road in Bohemia, one day you may be treated as a pauper, but the next you fare as a prince.

DISASTER IN THE ALPS OF SAVOY: DESTRUCTION OF THE VILLAGE AND BATHS OF ST. GERVAIS.

At this season, when many summer tourists would think of travelling to view the sublime mountain scenery of Switzerland and Savoy, it is the more deplorable to hear of such frightful disasters as the destruction of a whole village, at the foot of Mont Blanc. This took place on the night of Monday, July 11, in the narrow valley traversed by the stream called Bon Nant, descending from Les Contamines to St. Gervais and meeting the Arve, three or four miles above Sallanches, on the road from Geneva to Chamounix.

St. Gervais, which has suffered the recent terrible visitation, stood within a mile up the valley and three miles below the hamlet of Bionnay, where the Bon Nant received a stream, never hitherto supposed to be formidable, coming from the lower end of the Glacier de Bionnassay, on the western declivity of Mont Blanc. The bursting and falling away of a portion of this glacier released, like the broken dam of a reservoir, some vast quantity of water accumulated behind it, as is believed, from the melting of the snows on that side of the mountain; the torrent, prodigiously swollen, poured into the Bon Nant, which suddenly filled its rocky gorge, overwhelmed St. Gervais and Le Fayet, a hamlet lower down, carried away most of the houses, and drowned nearly a hundred and thirty people, including the inmates of the hotel and bathing or water-cure establishment, mostly foreign visitors. The sulphur-springs rising in the wooded ravine of Montjoie have long been celebrated for their medicinal virtues, and have, with the attractions of picturesque scenery at St. Gervais, the cascade of Crépín and other features of this valley, invited many sojourners besides those stopping on their return from Chamounix.

It was on the Monday night, soon after two o'clock in the morning, when all were in bed, that this sad fate came upon them; awakened by a fearful noise of rushing waters and crashing rocks, followed by a violent gust of wind down the gorge, they had no time for escape before the flood, carrying with it trees, masses of earth or mud, and loose stones, beat on the hotel buildings. Of these, which were five separate structures



THE VILLAGE OF ST. GERVAIS.



THE BATHS OF ST. GERVAIS.

with stone walls, three were utterly demolished, another was partly overthrown, but the fifth, on higher ground, sustained little damage. Nearly all the persons in the buildings so destroyed have miserably perished. There is an equal loss of life among the ordinary inhabitants of the villages of St. Gervais



ENTRANCE TO THE BATHS OF ST. GERVAIS.

and Le Fayet; their dead bodies have been found in the river Arve.

Our Views of St. Gervais are from photographs by Messrs. L. W. England and Co., silver, platinum, and bromide printers, &c., 25, Charles Street, Royal Crescent, Notting Hill.

GORGE OF THE BON NANT, NEAR ST. GERVAIS,
WHERE THE FLOOD CAME DOWN.

THE BATHS OF ST. GERVAIS.

MUSIC.

With the performance of "Götterdämmerung," given on Wednesday, July 13, the German opera subscribers received their last instalment of the series so far as the Wagnerian music-dramas were concerned, leaving for the following week only the promised representation of "Fidelio," which was anticipated at Drury Lane last month on the occasion of Frau Klafsky's début. This great artist was, of course, the Brünnhilde of the final section of the tetralogy, and herein her wonderful gifts were exhibited, if possible, in a brighter light than in the earlier scenes in which the fair Valkyrie appears. With her rare capacity for expressing deep emotion, Frau Klafsky combines an exquisite feeling for contrast, and it was interesting in the extreme to note the varied shades of tone-colour employed by the singer in each successive situation of the drama. At the outset we had the loving and tender Brünnhilde, bidding farewell to her glorious warrior; next the affectionate sister welcoming the visit of Waltrante, listening with awe to the recital of the troubles in Walhalla, yet turning hard as stone when asked to part with the precious ring confided to her by Siegfried; then, a moment after, the maddened woman chased like a hunted animal by her own husband in the guise of Gunther. These are the different phases of the first act alone, and much more remains to come—the scenes where Brünnhilde, brought captive to the home of the Gibichungs, challenges Siegfried with the perfidy of which he has unwittingly been guilty; where she allows herself to be gradually drawn into Hagen's conspiracy to murder him; and finally, that grand closing scene where, finding her hero brought home dead, and learning of the dastardly trick by which he had been deprived of memory, the courageous woman utters her dying panegyric, and then, mounting her steed, plunges into the burning pyre, and allows herself to be consumed amid the same flames that are burning her husband's corpse.

Unfortunately, this last episode, during which, furthermore, Hagen throws himself into the Rhine, and the waters of the river are supposed to rise and overwhelm the entire scene, while Walhalla and the gods are being destroyed by fire in the background, was by no means effectively realised upon the stage of Covent Garden, and the failure, doubtless, provoked our friend the Rev. Mr. Haweis to institute more comparisons of a damaging nature between London in 1892 and Bayreuth in 1876. At the same time the art of Frau Klafsky compensated for a great deal, and when the curtain fell at midnight, after a performance that lasted five hours, the audience gave vent to its delight in a series of enthusiastic calls for the singers, the conductor, and the manager. From what has been said, it will be seen that Brünnhilde is even more *en évidence* in this drama than the heroic Siegfried himself. We need scarcely say, however, that Herr Alvary invested the character with the utmost measure of importance and interest, besides suggesting with infinite skill the distinction between the manly warrior and the half-savage boy of the preceding drama. He was particularly fine in the third act, where Siegfried holds his colloquy with the Rhine maidens, and tells the vassals the story of his life just before falling a victim to Hagen's cowardly spear-stroke. The wily son of Alberich had an over-ponderous representative in Herr Wiegand, who emphasised the gloomy side of the character without suggesting either its subtlety or viciousness. Herr Knapp made an efficient Gunther, and Fräulein Bettaque imparted all the necessary grace and charm to the rôle of Guttrune. Another admirable impersonation was the Waltrante of Fräulein Heink; this artist sang superbly in the scene with Brünnhilde which, by-the-way, was omitted at Her Majesty's in

1882. The weird song of the Rhine daughters, albeit executed under slight difficulties, owing to a lack of swimming space, was delightfully rendered by Fräulein Traubman, Ralph, and Froehlich. The orchestra, under Herr Mahler's inspiring guidance, was once more equal to all requirements, and furnished a worthy climax to the succession of triumphs won by it in "Der Ring des Nibelungen."

Three nights later the German troupe again occupied Covent Garden, giving before a brilliant and crowded audience one of the best performances of "Tannhäuser" ever seen in this country. We reckon as of little account such blemishes as the chorus of pilgrims being occasionally sung flat, or a

was excellent as Wolfram, a part played by him at this house during the German season of 1884. Fräulein Bettaque did full justice to the somewhat ungrateful rôle of Venus, and Fräulein Heink gave evidence of a true artistic spirit by undertaking the small part of the shepherd. The gem of the representation, however, was unquestionably the Elizabeth of Frau Klafsky, a creation of remarkable beauty, and replete with womanly tenderness, devotion, and charm. The soul of the artist was, as usual, thoroughly in her work, and whether in the jubilant greeting "Dich theure Halle," in the poignant anguish of the appeal to the assembled knights, or in the pure, calm resignation of the prayer, her expression of the musical and dramatic situation was absolutely faultless.

The Memorial Concert given at St. James's Hall on July 13 in aid of the Goring Thomas Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music was well organised, and resulted in a substantial pecuniary success. The proceeds, we understand, amounted to over £1100, and this, when added to the donations separately received from the friends and admirers of the lamented composer, will, it is hoped, provide a sum of about £1500 for the foundation of the scholarship. Heartly thanks are, therefore, due to the committee and to the artists whose united efforts have brought about this highly satisfactory result. The distinguished operatic singers (including Madame Nordica, Madame Melba, Madame Eames, Madame Deschamps-Jéhin, M. Lassalle, M. Edouard de Reszke, and M. Plançon) ready and anxious to give their help, were so numerous that little room was left for the co-operation of native artists. Fortunately, however, Mr. Ben Davies had plenty to do in the selections from "Esmeralda" and "Nadeshda," while others were quite content to bear a modest share in the afternoon's entertainment. The orchestra of the Royal Opera and the Royal Academy choir also assisted.

MADAME SIGRID ARNOLDSON.

This charming young prima donna is a native of Stockholm. Her vocal training was carried out under the direction of Madame Padilla-Artôt and the late Mr. Maurice Strakosch. Through the latter she was introduced in 1887 to Sir (then Mr.) Augustus Harris, who immediately engaged her for his tentative season of Italian Opera at Drury Lane in the summer of that year. Her talents had already won recognition on the Continent, and on making her début here as Rosina in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," she won an instantaneous success. According to one authority, "her singing as Rosina positively electrified the house. For once the term 'Swedish Nightingale' had not been bestowed without good reason, but Madlle. Arnoldson, fascinated by something more than her facile warbling of Rossini's melodies. Her prepossessing looks, her graceful carriage, her vivacious and intelligent acting, her coquettish humour—all helped to complete the conquest of a critical audience and win instant favour for the débutante." She

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

MADAME SIGRID ARNOLDSON AS BAUCIS IN "PHILÉMON ET BAUCIS."

trifling roughness on the part of the orchestra in the overture and the march. These are things that one can easily hear well performed; but, on the other hand, it is rare indeed to find such perfection of ensemble or such a reverent interpretation of the letter as well as the spirit of Wagner's early work as the Hamburg artists gave us withal. The opera was performed in its entirety, without so much as a single "cut," and yet to the master's admirers, who were naturally present in force, it cannot have seemed unduly long, since they were content to stay until Saturday night had passed into Sunday morning in order to hear the last note. Herr Alvary made a wonderfully picturesque and impulsive Tannhäuser, and sang his music admirably, although not so well suited by it as by the more declamatory style of the "Nibelungen" or "Tristan." Herr Reichmann

subsequently appeared as Zerlina in "Don Giovanni," and in the following year at Covent Garden added other parts to her repertoire. From 1888 until the present season Madame Sigrid Arnoldson did not come to London. However, she continued to win increasing success abroad, more especially in Russia, where she has become an established favourite. During this interval she became the wife of M. Fischhof, who is well known in connection with operatic affairs. Madame Arnoldson's chief hit this season has been made in Gounod's "Philémon et Baucis," her charming singing and acting as Baucis having won general admiration. She is also announced to undertake the part of the heroine in the performance of Mr. George Fox's opera, "Nydia," at Drury Lane on July 23, when the young Swedish artist will make her first appearance in English opera.



LITERATURE.

NEW NOVEL BY ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Rose et Ninette. Par Alphonse Daudet. (Paris, E. Flammarion; London, Fisher Unwin.)—A new novel from the pen of Alphonse Daudet is a treat that comes not too frequently to lovers of modern French literature. All who have learned to appreciate the writings and the personality of the warm-hearted Southerner must have heard with a very real sympathy the sad accounts of M. Daudet's failing health, and must therefore be disposed to welcome all the more eagerly a new production of his brain. "Rose et Ninette" is described in the dedication as "une page de la vie contemporaine," and both in subject and in treatment is certainly very much up to date. A pregnant quotation from Alfred de Vigny prefixed to it strikes the keynote: "De ne sacrifier jamais qu'à la conviction et à la vérité."

M. Daudet's later style differs considerably from that of his earlier works. The spring and elasticity of youth are gone, the convincing warmth that hurries the reader on, that makes his heart throb in sympathy with the sorrows of "Jack" and of "Le Petit Chose," that forces him to realise all the pathos of "Le Nabab's" tragic fate and of the exiled queen's outraged motherhood, the tenderness that painted Désirée Delobelle, the rich humour that portrayed her pompous father, not to mention the immortal Tartarin—of all this very few traces are to be found in "Rose et Ninette," and yet it is a book which one can read and enjoy. It is more of an "impression" than of a novel; it is worked up to no dénouement; it is, in fact, what it purports to be—a study of contemporary life. A fortnight before the book opens, Régis de Fagan has been divorced from his heartless wife, who married him for the excitement which she imagined would surround and envelop the wife of a famous dramatic author. Her nature, utterly alien from his, and her inveterate habit of telling and acting reckless untruths, result in the divorce. The two daughters—Rose, a thoughtless, *distracte* little person of sixteen, and Nina, four years younger, but more sedate than her sister—live with their mother, and come at intervals to spend a day with their father. The latter's passionate love for them, and their cool and calculating affection for him, growing weaker and weaker until, like another Père Goriot, he turns and curses them—this, with an interwoven thread of the relations between Régis and Madame Hulin, forms the entire plot of the sketch. The treatment does not allow of much detail, but the principal characters are drawn with a rapid and firm brush. All throughout, and noticeably in the scene of Régis's illness, the style is marked by a self-restraint and a brevity which contrast strikingly with the rapid flow of words and the prolixity of M. Daudet's early work.

The book is a sad one, sombre in tone, and shows that continued ill-health and advancing age have depressed its author's vigorous spirits. One cannot but take as autobiographical such a passage as this: "At forty-five years a man no longer lives, physically, upon his income, but begins to draw upon his capital of days and of health. . . . The best part of my existence is passed, my greatest success is achieved." Yet the practised hand of the writer of "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aimé" has not lost its cunning. "Rose et Ninette" is, in its way, as artistic as perhaps any of M. Daudet's previous work, although it does not aim so high as many of his other novels. We will not chide him for having chosen to produce a *sepi* sketch. Rather will we admire the vigour and precision of the impression, and give it an honoured place in the picture gallery of contemporary French fiction, which contains little that is more worthy of admiration or more wholesome in tone than the works that bear the signature of Alphonse Daudet.

A CAUSERIE.

Sir Edwin Arnold is wise in never letting his British public forget that he exists and writes poetry; wise also is he in continuing to rely for his subjects on Egyptian, Japanese, Buddhist subjects—anything, as a rule, rather than the known and familiar; wisest of all in that he recognises the fact that, once popular, an author may unload upon the British public aforesaid anything he happens to have by him—which Sir Edwin has accordingly done. The title-poem of his book * deals with the Mohammedan version of the story of Potiphar's wife, as told by "the Koran and the Persian poet Jâmi." So the Patriarchal Prig is Yusuf, and Potiphar is Itfir, but the lady herself is called Asenath—no doubt with a view to a future poem in which she is to marry Yusuf, Itfir having been disposed of in any convenient manner. But does not the Moslem term her Zuleika, or circumflexes to that effect (we will leave Sir Edwin to do his own spelling and accentuation)? The poem reads like an attempt to combine one of Théophile Gautier's charming furniture catalogues with Shakspeare's "Venus and Adonis." On the whole, we much prefer the Biblical version. Sir Edwin Arnold's Yusuf is a poor creature, and so very nearly yields as to be rather more despicable than if he had quite yielded.

The best piece in the volume is the little bit of *vers de société* "To a Pair of Egyptian Slippers," or, rather, to their former owner. It is a pity that the illustrations which accompanied the poem in the *Universal Review*, now defunct (the "Saucy Arryquitta" some men styled it), could not be reproduced. The Japanese minstrelsy that follows is hardly so successful. The fact is that Sir Edwin Arnold's ear and hand are scarcely unerring and delicate enough for this light verse. Stanza, metre, rhythm, rhyme must be as near perfection as possible. Yet Sir Edwin gives us such a verse as this—

"Tell it, Hag!" he cries, "and swear
Never more to grovel!"
Pants the Witch: "I swear! If you
Grate, in her rice-bowl,
Fox's liver, woe will disappear."

There can be no manner of doubt that this stanza is a very bad one, and that no competent craftsman in verse should let such a bit of sheer doggerel leave his workshop.

But if the verse of the Knight of Asia be at times laboured, what shall we say of the style of Mr. Charles Rathbone Low, author of several works of military history, and more particularly of *Cressy to Tell-el-Kebir: A Narrative Poem, descriptive of the Deeds of the British Army* (London: W. Mitchell and Co.)? Mr. Low has taken a long, heavy, and detailed history of British battles, and shaped it as with an axe into what he fondly believes to be "the metre employed by Scott in 'Marmion,' by Byron in 'The Giaour,' and others. Be it noticed that both Scott and Byron are extremely bad metrical models. But the metre which Mr. Low has used is an octosyllabic rhyming couplet, followed by an unrhymed line of six syllables. Into this mould he has squeezed his prose, with the result of making it far more prosy than ever. We can

* *Potiphar's Wife, and Other Poems.* By Sir Edwin Arnold. (London: Longmans and Co.)

only say that the writer of the book has our sincere pity; so also have its readers.

The mention of British battles, and more particularly of Cressy, may serve to lead us by a natural transition from the Knight of "Potiphar's Wife" to the Archer—not William, but another. Mr. Frank Archer has attempted to discuss the momentous question, *How to Write a Good Play* (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.) It is a daring attempt, and, while it cannot be said to be wholly successful, it may at least help some of our budding dramatists and deter others. But there is a good deal of matter bearing very indirectly on the subject. The first chapter, giving an account of the unsuccessful attempts of otherwise celebrated writers to write for the stage, is little better than padding; it might be valuable if we wanted to know "How Not to Write a Good Play." But most dramatists know this without being taught.

It would have been better to give an account of successful plays, pointing out the characteristics in each which won public approval; and to analyse many pieces to show their defects and merits for the stage. For we have nothing to say against Mr. Archer's theories, and we are sure that most of the inexperienced dramatists for whom he writes would cordially agree with him; where they would go wrong would be in applying his suggestions. Example on the stage is better than precept, even more than in other spheres; and concrete examples would teach the budding playwright when to defy conventionality boldly and when to conform to it.

For the rest, Mr. Archer's hints can do no harm, and may do some good to the young author, though we wish he had laid more stress on a few points which are sore stumbling-blocks to the beginner. For instance, he might have gone rather more fully into the mechanism of the stage, the time necessary for setting and changing scenes, with examples from well-known plays and scenes. A few diagrams would have been helpful. Also notes on the ways in which scenes can be combined, so as to follow each other quickly, on the approximate time of changing into costumes of various characters, would be extremely valuable. Another pitfall, and a deadly one, into which the ingenious dramatist falls almost without exception, is that of using unintentional and unsuspected (by himself) *double entendre* and speeches that can be, and are, twisted by a wearied or mischievous auditor so as to refer to the play. To this end the criticism of a friend expert in slang is much to be desired; otherwise the most scrupulous and refined of writers may find himself charged with a coarseness of which he was wholly ignorant. The first-nighter watches for such unhappy phrases as "This is terrible stuff," or "I am tired of all this," or other remarks that might very naturally fall from the lips of a character; and his jocular and strident "Hear, hear!" may well wreck the trembling chances of a new piece. Not that we think a piece ever fails without good reason; but many pieces fail that under more favourable circumstances might have commanded, though perhaps not deserved, success.

But certainly a good playwright now could almost command his own terms. The last two English theatrical seasons have shown a disastrous proportion of failures, and what successes have been achieved were due rather to good luck than to good management. Plays and pieces were produced which under no conceivable circumstances could have succeeded; without plot or dialogue, wit or humour—in fact, "without body, parts, or passions." The fact is that, with few exceptions, managers are not thorough men of business; some of them do not know good work from bad, and those that can do their business well immediately take upon them more than Hercules could carry through successfully. The only safe road to success is for the manager to stick to one theatre, one set of players, one *clientèle*, and one style, to find the best writer for that style, and stick to him in the main. Then, barring accidents and public calamities, he may be moderately safe. And for the rising author the rule is always to write with some actual theatre in his view—with some probable combination of artists on his imaginary stage. So shall he achieve a piece which is at least possible, and be ready to take advantage of the sudden collapses and frantic searches for new plays which are the lot of almost every theatre at some time. Above all, let him keep to the sure old lines until he has experience enough to dare a new line, and fame enough to ensure a respectful reception; and in following out these approved methods he cannot fail to derive considerable help from Mr. Archer's volume. Only let the dramatist remember one dictum whose truth, though too often ignored by authors and managers, has been abundantly proved of late: "An imitation of a recent success is generally a failure; and the closer the imitation, the surer is the failure."—A. R. R.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Loitering by a bookstall the other day, I turned over the pages of an odd volume (1833) of that amusing old miscellany, the *Mirror*, and was rewarded by coming upon these lines, attributed to Charles Lamb—for, though the name is not fully printed in the text, the index has "Lamb, C., Lines by." They do not seem to have been collected by any editor of Lamb, but they are characteristic enough to be genuine—

When the soul drinks of Misery's power
Each moment seems a lengthened hour;
But when bright Joy illumines the mind
Time passes as the fleetest wind:
—How to a wicked soul must be
Whole ages of eternity!—C. L.—B.

Even those who are prone to minimise Browning's merits do not begrudge him his fame for originality. But Browning had a wonderful memory, and there are echoes here and there in his works. Goaded by the parrot-cry of "wilful obscurity," he broke out one day: "I never designedly tried to puzzle people, as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game at dominoes to an idle man." In the preface to his second volume of poems (1797), Coleridge replied to the critics of his first (1796) in much the same terms. They had charged his verses with "a profusion of double epithets, and a general turgidity"; and to these charges he frankly pleaded guilty. "A third and heavier accusation has been brought against me—that of obscurity; but not, I think, with equal justice. . . . If any man expect from my poems the same easiness of style which he admires in a drinking song, for him I have not written. Intelligibilia, non intellectum adfero."

Again, when Browning was asked "Why he was a Liberal," he replied—

Because all I haply can and do,
All that I am now, all I hope to be—
Whence comes it save from Fortune setting
Body and soul the purpose to pursue
God traced for both? . . .

But little do, or can, the best of us:
That little is achieved thro' Liberty.
Who, then, dares hold—emancipated thus—
His fellow hold—continue bound? Not I.
Who live, love, labour freely, nor discuss
A brother's right to freedom. That is "Why."

In the opening of Coleridge's "Destiny of Nations," written in 1796, we read—

Setze, then, my soul! from Freedom's trophied dome
The harp which hangeth high between the shields
Of Brutus and Leonidas! With that
Strong music, that soliciting spell, force back
Man's free and stirring spirit that lies entranced.
For what is Freedom but the unfettered use
Of all the powers which God for use had given?

There is not the least reason to suppose that Browning was conscious of these echoes—as far as he was concerned, they were the merest coincidences. In the latter, the echo of sense is not worth mentioning, for each poet is uttering a commonplace; but the echo of sound is remarkable.

In his preface of 1797 Coleridge's remarks on "obscurity" are very sensible. "An author is obscure [he says] when his conceptions are dim and imperfect, and his language incorrect, or inappropriate, or involved. A poem that abounds in allusions, like the 'Bard' of Gray, or one that impersonates high and abstract truth, like Collins's 'Ode on the Poetical Character,' claims not to be popular, but should be acquitted of obscurity. The deficiency is in the reader. But this is a charge which every poet whose imagination is warm and rapid must expect from his contemporaries. Milton did not escape it, and it was adduced with virulence against Gray and Collins. We now hear no more of it; not that their poems are better understood at present than they were at their first publication, but their fame is established. . . . A living writer is yet *sub judice*; and if we cannot follow his conceptions or enter into his feelings, it is more consoling to our pride to consider him as lost beneath than as soaring above us." Coleridge's saw is a wise one, and there will always be plenty of modern instances to keep it bright. Who among us who read books forty years ago but recalls the outcry against the "obscurity" of "In Memoriam"? Yet who finds it obscure, or, at all events, who dares to call it obscure, nowadays? Every charge of obscurity—just or unjust—made against Browning could be matched from the reviews which greeted "In Memoriam" and "Maud"; but (as Coleridge says in the same preface of 1797 of Milton and Gray and Collins) "a critic would accuse himself of frigidity or inattention who should profess not to understand" "Maud" or "In Memoriam."

In reading the account of the awful catastrophe which has swept away the hamlet of Le Fayet and the hotel at St. Gervais, many would recall Coleridge's magnificent "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni." The torrent into which the end of the Bionnassay glacier fell, damming it up until it broke out in irresistible fury, is one of the "five torrents" which feed the Arve, twin-stream with the Arveiron, which drain away the glacier meltings of Mont Blanc—

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely g'all!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?

Coleridge stole a good deal of the thunder in his splendid "hymn" from an obscure German poetess, Frederike Brun, but not this particular bit, nor, indeed, any of the best bits. This is all that she had to say about the "five wild torrents"—

Wer goss Euch hoch aus der ewigen Winter's Reich,
O Zackenströme, mit Donnergetös herab?

Wem tönt in schrecklichen Harmonieen,
Wilder Arveiron, dein Wogentümmel?

But, all the same, it was unworthy of Coleridge to conceal so sedulously his borrowings, both publicly and privately. He never told even Wordsworth, who was ignorant, until De Quincey (waiting until the eagle was dead, and no longer exhibited the germ of the hymn. For Wordsworth instanced it as a wonderful illustration of Coleridge's power of "summoning up an image or series of images in his own mind," seeing that "he was never at Chamouni, or near it, in his life." This being the case, nothing could well be more disingenuous than the preface with which Coleridge introduced the poem to the readers of the *Morning Post* in 1802: "The beautiful *gentiana major*, or greater gentian, with blossoms of brightest blue, grows in large companies, a few steps from the never-melted ice of the glaciers. I thought it an affecting emblem of the boldness of human hope," &c. "If any readers of the *Morning Post* have visited the vale in their journeys among the Alps, I am confident that they will not find the sentiments and feelings expressed, or attempted to be expressed, in the following poem extravagant." It is almost as bad as the Irish servant who prided himself on his smartness in "passing" the light sovereign between two pennies at the toll-bar.

A guide-book to Florence, a little less slipshod and snippety than that of Mr. Hare, and a little less voluminous than that of the Misses Horner, has long been a desideratum to the tourist bound for the City of Flowers. A volume that is at the same time a guide and reading book, and of such small dimensions that it will slip into the coat pocket, has just been published by Barbera, of Florence, and compiled by Dr. G. Marcotti, who has availed himself of the latest researches in art, literature, and archaeology, made by competent authorities of all nations, so that the book is fully up to date in all respects. Even those never likely to visit Florence would find it interesting reading, while those who come will have in Dr. Marcotti a sure as well as a learned guide. The book is written in French, in order to make it available to travellers of all nations.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

"The Member for Wrotenborough: Passages from his Life in Parliament," by Arthur A'Beckett. (Sampson Low and Co.)

"New Wimbledon at Bisley. With Plan of Camp and Map of the Country." (Alfred Boot and Son, 24, Old Bailey.)

"A Conquering Heroine," by Mrs. Hungerford. (F. V. White and Co.)

"A Summer Sojourn on the East Coast," by "Luberta." (O'Driscoll.)

"Handbook to Mashonaland," by Eglington. (Eglington and Co.)

"British Mosses," by Lord Justice Fry. (Witherby and Co.)

"A Mendip Valley," by Theodore Compton. (Stanford.)

"Rhymes and Reflections," by G. H. Powell. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

"Green's Short History." Illustrated Edition. Vol. I. (Macmillan.)

THE LITTLE CHRONICLE.

We have a suggestion of some importance to make in connection with the foreign immigrant question; but before we come to that a word may be given to an official report on the subject recently published. Comfort has been drawn from this report, because it appears that, though the immigration of Jewish refugees has increased, it does not amount to four thousand a month; and considering the violent persecutions which this people have to endure in Russia and elsewhere, it is a wonder that the influx is not greater. Indeed, there can be no doubt that it is greater; for acknowledgedly the statistics of the subject are based on imperfect means of observation. But though the addition of a thousand or two per month may not seem much to persons who compare it with the annual increase of the native population, it will be felt by the poor, with whom these unfortunates compete so desperately, as an aggravation of a great grievance. The grievance is not that the incomers are Jews, but nearly destitute foreigners, who, swarming in close colonies in London and one or two other cities, engage in a few of the more impoverished trades and impoverish them yet more. It may be all right if looked at from a philosophical point of view; but that is not what our own swarms of poor tailors and sempstresses can attain

sum of domestic comfort may be looked for. It has long been known that most things have a "true inwardness" which, when ascertained and evolved, puts them on a far higher footing than is assigned to them, while their deeper and more essential qualities remain concealed. But it was never suspected till the other day that even the calling of the washerwoman might have an inwardness to redeem it from popular aversion and promote it to alliance with science and the arts. That it has, however, is clearly brought out by the superintendent of the laundry department of the London School Board. This lady has discovered the great mistake of supposing that the teaching of laundry-work has no higher sanction than the wish to get our linen washed by competent persons. "It does much more than train the girls to wash and iron, if it fulfil its true mission. It is a useful means of training the hand and eye; for, in the finer branches of laundry-work, including goffering, lace-ironing, &c., great skill and dexterity are needed." Nor is that all. "The children are shown by careful explanation some simple truths in chemistry, as in the effects of alkalies and acids upon water and upon colours, &c., and how to apply the knowledge they gain at school to their daily home life." This is excellent, and all that remains to be hoped for is that a superior acquaintance with the scholastics of the profession will inspire ardour in its

the worse for an object-lesson in the monstrous excesses into which advanced labour doctrine may impel trades unionism. Nearly all British artisans know what it is to be out of work, and to see their families peak and pine about them at such times; and when they read in cool blood the story of the massacre of that little group of non-unionists, they must have thought of the wives and children of those poor men, and of how little likely it is that they would have dared the disgrace and danger of taking the work of locked-out union men unless driven to it by the haunting prayer of hungry faces at home. And thereupon must have followed reflections unfavourable to the imitation of United States practices in the settlement of labour disputes.

Again a dreadful tale of cruelty to a little child, and again a hope that unless magistrates begin to award sterner punishment to the perpetrators of these shocking barbarities the Legislature will take special account of them. In a recent case (it will be recollected by the circumstance that, among other afflictions, the child was tortured by tying her tongue with a cord) the penalty was woefully inadequate, though not incomparable, perhaps, with the sentence on "a robust and well-built woman named Kelly," who was sent to prison for one month for deliberately breaking the leg of a weaker woman



EXHIBITION OF DROVERS' DOGS AT THE METROPOLITAN CATTLE MARKET.

to. It is they who feel the immediate effects of a competition which tends to reduce their wages—small enough at best—to the level at which life can be maintained under the wretchedest and foulest conditions. There would be much less complaint if these poor creatures (who are only to be pitied, of course) dispersed themselves throughout the island. But that they have no notion of; and so what they do is to add to the bulk and the misery of the formidable evil called congestion of great cities, just where the mischief is worst; pouring in, too, in penniless crowds, while all sorts of machinery is at work to send native labour out of the country for the country's good. However disagreeable it may be, our rulers and legislators will be obliged, by popular discontent, to interfere before long; not, of course, to expel the stranger who is settled within our gates, but to regulate and diminish the influx of his compatriots from abroad. Better to do that (it is done in the United States) than run the risk of seeing the *Judenhetze* arise in this country.

And this brings us to the suggestion or the hint above mentioned. For all sakes it will be wise to consider betimes that cholera is more likely to be landed here in the noxious "plenishings" and frowsy habiliments of these poor immigrants (most of whom come from the border provinces of Russia, be it remembered) than in any other way; and, what is more, to be landed just where the disorder is most likely to take root and spread.

One of the numerous professors of culture has made a discovery from which a great and unexpected addition to the

practice, integrity in its pursuit, and a horror of the chemicals in which uncultured laundry-women are much too learned.

It is very bad indeed that American workmen should commit the ferocities reported from "Spokane (Washington)," but very good indeed that the telegraph should bring us news of them, hot and hot, for the perusal of the sons of labour in England. As we read these pretty tales of trades unionism at its highest pitch of thoroughness (there or thereabout), we did not think enough, perhaps, of the far deeper and more moving interest they had for the whole population of mine and workshop in our native land. How many advanced spirits there are in that vast population is not generally known; for they do not address themselves to newspaper reporters, and are almost as chary of free speech in the presence of unsympathetic auditors as malcontent country labourers themselves. But there are a good many of them; the later successes of labour has made them bold, and there is far more talk of "standing no nonsense" when the workers are better organised than ever comes to the public ear. Now, there is no very great harm in this flourishing talk, probably. Even in the mining districts and "the Potteries" it would not be easy to persuade many British workmen that fire and sword are righteous weapons in the war against Capital; but they often hear that they are, and may incline to the error that blowing up mines and managers during a strike contest is not to be classed, at any rate, with firing a house or killing a child for the sake of insurance money. Therefore, our good people will be none

with a poker. The lady's victim leant on crutches in the court to hear the sentence pronounced. Crimes of violence are not to be repressed in that way; and on every occasion when an infant three years old is proved to have had both her eyes blacked, to have been shut up naked in a cupboard, to be found there bruised on arms, breast, back, and face, and in that condition to weigh 17½ lb., her tormentors should suffer the utmost penalty they can be brought under. Not that that is sufficient if they happen to be the poor little victim's own parents. It is about time to make new laws for such monsters, and to apply them with special severity when the children they practise on are illegitimate.

CATTLE-DROVERS' DOGS EXHIBITION.

On Tuesday, July 12, in the bullock lairs of the Metropolitan Cattle Market, there was an exhibition of drovers' dogs (under the patronage of the Lord Mayor and Markets Committee) for the improvement of the breed of these useful animals and of their treatment. Mr. W. T. Hanman, superintendent of the market, who was the hon. secretary of this, the first show of the kind, expressed himself well satisfied with the quality and the number of the entries. Every dog sent in for competition was the property of a working drover. The show was divided into ten classes. The first prize was awarded to a drover named Spencer, who also gained other prizes. Drover Kimp-ton took the prize for the best working sheep-dog, and Drover Coode for the best working dog among bullocks. The Collie Club members sent in a collection of dogs not for competition.



"BLOOD-MONEY."—BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.



"CONFIDENCES."—BY L. C. HENLEY.

BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

ART NOTES.

The ewer or *aiguière* of Henri Deux ware which was sold recently by Messrs. Christie for 3800 guineas was purchased in 1842 by the late Mr. C. Magniac's father at the Odier sale for £96. At that time it was supposed to be one of only twenty-four specimens in existence; but subsequent researches have proved that fifty-three specimens of this ware survive—one in Russia and the remainder until now equally divided between France and England. Until the dispersal of the Fontaine collection, above ten years ago, the largest price paid had been £1100, which Mr. J. Malcolm of Poltalloch gave at the Pourtalès sale for a *bibéron*; but Mr. Fontaine's candlestick realised the then apparently fabulous sum of £3500. At the South Kensington Museum there are no less than six specimens, purchased at various times at prices ranging from £180 to £750; but even the cheapest of these had been sold, some years previously, for fifty shillings to M. Delangle, who had discovered it at Poitiers. The piece just purchased now goes to Paris, so that the equal division of this rare pottery between France and England no longer exists.

Henri Deux—or more properly Oiron—ware was made between 1520 and 1550, at the little village of that name near Thouars (Deux Sèvres), first by Hélène de Hangest and afterwards by her son, Claude Gouffier. Mr. Magniac's ewer bore the letter "G" several times repeated, while Mr. Fontaine's candlestick had the letter "H," and was consequently attributed to the mother. There appears to be little or no foundation to the theory that it was made for Diane de Poitiers, for the emblem of the salamander of Francis I. and the crescents of Henri II., which are to be found upon all or most of the pieces, were never used by the royal favourite. Moreover, the tiles which form the pavement of the chapel in the Château d'Oiron bear similar monograms and designs to those employed in the decoration of the various specimens of the ware, and it is most improbable that the Church would have allowed their introduction had they borne reference to Diane.

The annual "outing" of the Royal Academy Club, which is almost as old as the Academy itself, took place this year at Windsor, where, notwithstanding the presence of the Queen, the rooms containing the principal pictures in the Windsor collection were thrown open to the visitors. Moreover, on the suggestion of Mr. Richard Holmes, the Queen's librarian, and by her Majesty's desire, the complete collection of the famous Holbein drawings—of which a number were lent to the Tudor Exhibition—were placed in the library for the inspection of the Academicians, and excited the greatest admiration. These drawings were for years mislaid, but were discovered about the middle of the last century at Kensington Palace, and were then removed by the order of Queen Caroline to Windsor, where they have been carefully preserved. The greater number of them were reproduced in facsimile early in the present century by Bartolozzi and others, and published in a volume edited by T. Chamberlayne, which is highly esteemed by collectors.

The Academy Club, after passing some time at the castle, were conveyed by a steam-launch through the sunny reaches of the Thames to Cookham, where a visit was made to the grave of one of its most promising members, Fred Walker, who was cut off at the early age of thirty-five, just as he was beginning to be appreciated. Four members of the Walker family now lie in Cookham Churchyard, grouped round the most distinguished, who, although dying in Perthshire, earnestly desired to lie near the banks of the Thames which he loved so well and depicted so poetically. Inside Cookham Church is a marble bust of Fred Walker, the work of Mr. Armistead, R.A., who, being of the party, was able to explain the circumstances under which this most truthful and sympathetic rendering of their lost colleague had been executed. To those who personally knew Fred Walker, the medallion in Cookham Church recalled vividly the delicate but somewhat wearied face of the artist, whose lamp so swiftly burnt out. In Cookham Church there is also another interesting and far more important work by Flaxman—the monument erected to the memory of Sir Thomas Pocock, an Indian administrator. It belongs to the period when Flaxman was attempting to give a freer rein to his imagination, although still restrained by his dominant idea of the beauty of classic outline and composition. The group represents three men passing a river, probably the Styx—not the Thames—in a boat of such frail structure and proportions as to suggest doubt as to its arrival in safety at the opposite bank.

The names of the recipients of Civil List pensions for the past year have now been published, and although the annual sum of £1200 set apart for these rewards of unappreciated labour is supposed to be divisible among those who have deserved well in science, literature, and art, no name connected with the last career is to be found in the list. It can scarcely be hoped that among those who have fallen by the way some were not striving for artistic fame, and are thereby deserving of the help which this pension fund affords. It is more than probable that the friends of art and artists are less persistent in their appeals and less able to make themselves heard than those who advocate the claims of disappointment in literature. The three very moderate pensions given to the three unmarried daughters of the late Sir Henry Cole may, in a way, be recognised by art students, for it was to his energy in a great measure that the South Kensington Schools came into existence; but the dole of £30 each to these ladies can in no way be regarded as a definite desire to bestow upon art the helping hand which is extended to literature and science, although the Civil List is the only means through which the State in this country can aid art, as it does aid poetry, for instance, when, fifty years ago, it accorded to Lord Tennyson the pension which he enjoyed long before he reached the Laureate's "butt of Malmsey," now commuted into a money value.

As might be expected, the electoral campaign has brought forth a stream of political caricatures; but it does not look as if our platform polemics have risen with the increase of education or the methods of art-printing. *The Elector's Picture-Book*, published at the *Pall Mall Gazette* office, is, perhaps, the most racy of these mushroom growths offered to the public; but one is forced to admit that the "points" are often far-fetched and done to death in the artist's struggle after effect. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Mr. A. J. Balfour, and Lord Salisbury are the victims more frequently served up for public consumption and ridicule, and now and then we must admit the sauce is *piquante*; but for the most part we are inclined to agree in the verdict that the

English have ever for their political dishes but one sauce, and it a trifle *fade*; on the other hand, *Gladstone and Co.* is the title of a companion booklet issued from *Judy* office, and due to the skill of Mr. William Parkinson. Here and there—as in his adaptation of Shakspeare—to suit the requirements of Sir William Harcourt, there is no little skill displayed in the draughtsmanship; but Mr. Parkinson is very much more limited in his acquaintance with contemporary politicians than Mr. F. C. Gould, who has done the work for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, already referred to. To collectors of election literature both little volumes will be of interest, but from a literary and an artistic point of view neither rises to a very high level.

THE YEW-TREE ARBOUR.

BY E. NESBIT.

If he hadn't called me by name, I should never have known him—he had changed so in those six months. He was fat and well-looking in the old days—had a plump rosy cheek, a full blue eye, and what old ladies called "a pleasant way with him."

There had never been friendship between us, only good-fellowship; but now he greeted me as though I had been his brother, and a brother he loved.

It was in the Salle d'Attente of the railway station at Cannes. He was wrapped in furs, and crouched over the fire, though the weather was our July's.

The month was February. When he called my name I turned and went across to him. The hand which I took in mine was thin and fleshless. His eyes were deep-sunken, and his pale skin seemed drawn too tightly across the bones of his face.

He had the look one gets used to seeing in Cannes.

"Where are you going?" he asked, and his voice was the ghost of his old voice just as he was the ghost of his old self.

I answered that I was going to Nice, but that there was no hurry.

"And you?" I added.

"I've just come from Nice, and I'm collecting warmth and energy to tell someone to call a carriage for me. I'm awfully glad to see you."

So stricken with astonishment was I at his changed looks that I could only murmur some banality about the pleasure being mutual; but he cut me short.

"Don't," he said; "it's not humanly possible that anyone could be as glad to see me as I am to see you. Come back with me to my hotel."

He leaned heavily upon me as I led him to a carriage; his gait and his air were those of an old man.

When we were in his sitting-room at the Victoria, he sank into a chair and looked at me.

"My God!" he broke out suddenly. "You don't know what it is to see you again—to see one of the old faces—some-one who knew me in the old days when I was a man."

He made a gesture like a contemptuous repudiation of the thing that crouched in the easy-chair among the furs, and went on—

"They told me this place might save me, and I came out, and now I shall die here—like a dog—and no one here to care a straw, or to distinguish between me and the last invalid who had these rooms, or the next man who will die in them."

"But I thought you were married," I blundered, for I had parted from him on the eve of his marriage to an English girl—rich, beautiful, and good.

"Oh no!" he answered hurriedly; "you're mistaken, I'm not married."

It was easy, even for the myopic eye of an average journalist, to see that there was something the matter with the man besides the fact that he was going to die, and I felt very sorry for him.

"Look here," I said, "you seem a bit down in the mouth. I'd as soon be here as at Nice. Suppose I send for my traps and stay here a bit."

No one would have believed that that thin-drawn face could brighten so suddenly and completely.

"Oh, if you only would!" he said, just as a child does if you offer to stay by its bed when it is afraid and can't explain what's the matter with it.

I had been a week at the Victoria, and had made up my mind to stay till the end, which could not now be long delayed, when one evening he spoke.

"If ever you did a good thing in your life, old man, you've done it by me. I believe I should have died mad if it hadn't been for you."

I said the first thing that came into my head.

"Would you like to know why I didn't get married?" he went on.

"I should like to hear anything you like to tell me."

"I want to tell you. It was like this. You know how fond I was of her; but you didn't know, and she didn't know, that before I ever met her I had been just as fond—and fonder—of another woman; and I swore to the other woman that I'd never marry anyone else. Well, she died—and I was very unhappy for a long time—and then I met Her—and . . ."

There was a long pause.

"It was the night before the wedding," he went on, "that it happened—before the wedding that never was, I mean. She had been so busy all day with dressmakers and bridesmaids and all the rest of them that there had been no time for me. I wanted to see her, to hold her hands in mine and look in her eyes once more before I faced the long night that lay between me and my new happiness. She had promised to meet me in the yew-tree arbour—you remember it—at the end of the lime avenue?"

I remembered it.

"Well, I went at the appointed time. It was dark, though there was a full moon, because of the clouds, but every now and then the moon came out."

He shuddered.

"It was very dark in the yew-tree arbour, and it smelt mouldy—I think it always did. I could just make out that I was not first at the rendezvous. She was in white. I made haste to take her in my arms, but before I could touch her she raised her face, and the moon came out suddenly, and I saw that it was not *her* face, but the other woman's—the other woman, who had been six years in her grave."

His whole frame was rigid with horror—his hands were tight-clasped.

"And so?"

"And so I did not get married," he went on, in a very low voice. "I did not want to be married. I did not know—I don't know now—*what* it was that was there. I only know there could be no marriage for me—only death."

"And you've been living here ever since," I tried to say in a commonplace way.

"No; I have not lived since. How could I live? I have been too near the Dead."

A week later I laid him with Them. And I don't attempt to explain his story.

Explain it yourself, if you can.

"NOTHING IN THE PAPERS."

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

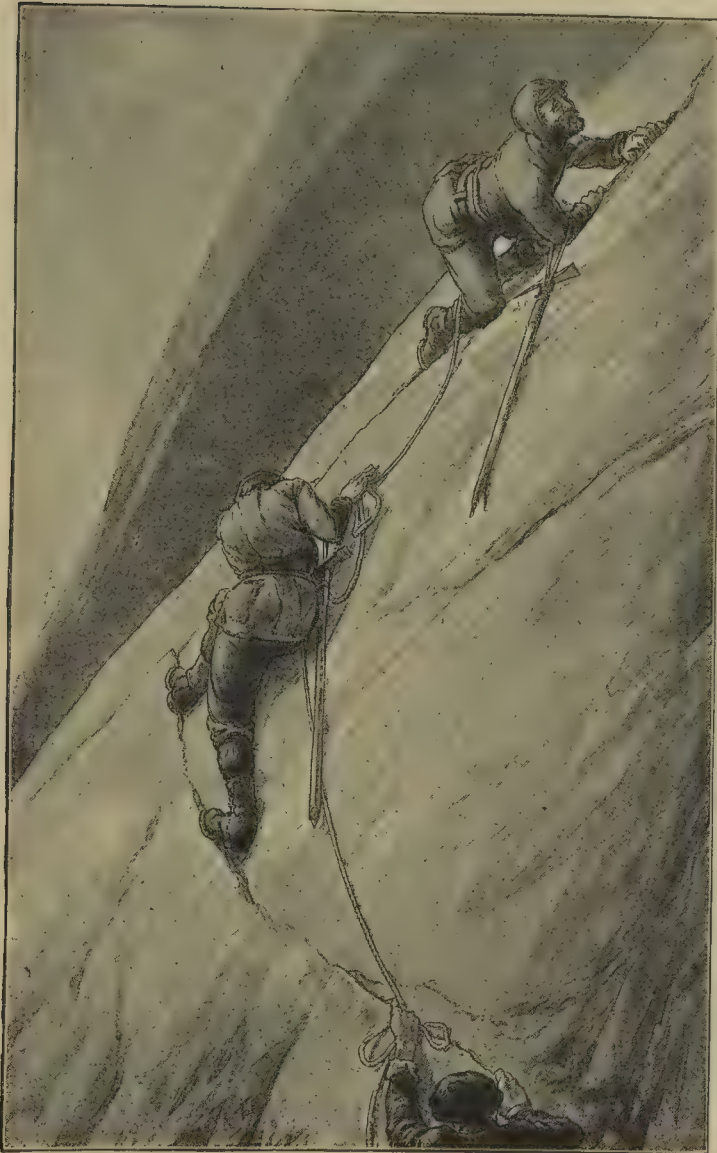
The London County Council has unfortunately got into hot water many a time and oft through the mistaken zeal or indiscretion of individuals; but a measure of the unpopularity will be cancelled by the collective wisdom that has suggested the grand new street from Holborn to the Strand. For years past the state of Little Queen Street, Holborn, has been a scandal and a disgrace to the largest city in the world. Woe betide the traveller who desired to pass that way to the great railway stations at Euston, St. Pancras, and King's Cross! I calculate that it takes at least twenty minutes of valuable time to pass the barricade between Lincoln's Inn Fields and Southampton Row. What with the strings of omnibuses that have become as bulky as bathing machines, the lumbering railway-van, with the grinning demon boy who chuckles over the discomfiture of the hurrying traveller; the fish-vans and meat-vans and ice-vans unloading at the Holborn Restaurant, this narrow gorge has been the execration of the passenger, the puzzle of the patient policemen who are turned into perambulating semaphores. I am an old Londoner, and I must own that the increase of the omnibus traffic strikes me with alarm and wonder. When is the supply of these useful vehicles to be limited by the Commissioners of Police in the interests of the community in general? I have counted eight-and-twenty omnibuses all going the same way, scarcely one of them a quarter full, and forming an unbreakable string, like the men who went hand-in-hand to measure an island in the days of Herodotus. To cross any given street in London will soon be an absolute impossibility.

But the omnibuses are not the only hindrances to the battle-royal between pedestrians and vehicles. Take Holborn, for instance, as a typical thoroughfare. If you escape being run down by an omnibus, cab, or van, your life is in danger from a scurrying whirl of bicycles, which ought to be put down by Act of Parliament in crowded thoroughfares. On Sundays the Holborn asphalt is literally black with bicycles, and you might as well try to row across the "Pool," below river in an outrigger, as to cross from one pavement to another when a Holborn Sunday bicycle-race is going on. As if these were not horrors enough, the boys in my district are permitted by the police to use the public thoroughfare as a skating-rink, so that my hansom has to encounter, in addition to the ordinary and extraordinary traffic, a swarm of bicyclists, roller-skaters, and perambulating babies, who get under the horse's hoofs and cause one's heart to jump into one's mouth.

But should the London County Council's Holborn scheme be adopted, let us hope that the errors of many of London's street improvements may be avoided. I have seen many of them, notably the so-called improvements at Charing Cross, Piccadilly Circus, Hyde Park Corner, and the Mansion House. But is it not true that the last state of the new traffic is infinitely worse than the first? There was a time when the traffic arrangements at Hyde Park Corner were supposed to be infamous, but what are they now? Instead of endeavouring to avoid one or two lines of traffic, as in the old days, the vehicles seem to rush at you from every direction, criss-cross, sideways, longways, everywhere! If you cross from Apsley House to St. George's Hospital, you may give yourself up as lost; if you cross from the Union Club to the Grand Hotel, you might as well cross the network of railway lines at Malines. Only an experienced traveller can dodge the gyrating wheel of traffic that whizzes about Piccadilly Circus; while the Mansion House business is a maddening dream. I commit myself, therefore, to this astounding statement—that at the great central points of London the danger to the crossing pedestrian is infinitely worse since the improvements than before they were undertaken. To my mind it is a miracle how anyone ever crosses the Place de l'Opéra in Paris or any of the centre-wheels of London's new streets. The problem is how to make a new set of streets without sending the traffic flying in different directions. And the difficulty is, for even the experienced Londoner, to "time" the run of a cab, van, or bus, on a roadway that fitfully varies between wood, asphalt, paving, and macadam. Modern London, like Jordan, is a "hard road to travel," I believe.

My Saturday to Monday travels, which I so much enjoy whenever I have a Saturday "off duty," have taken me recently to the Isle of Ely. And in the home of the old monks I have made a wonderful discovery. It has nothing to do with the glorious cathedral, which fills me with speechless delight, not with the glorious remains of Norman architecture, dog-toothed and pointed, not with the painted roof, or the Lady chapel, or Sir Gilbert Scott's exquisite reredos, or the old "bedesmen" in their gowns and scarlet skull-caps, or the Bishop's palace, which I envy almost as much as the steward's house next to Fountains Abbey, in Yorkshire. My discovery is in connection with that rarity in these days—a charming, sweetly clean, old-fashioned inn. I like the old title of inn. It is called, I believe, both "inn" and hotel over the door, but it is to me as welcome a resting-place as I remember the old Cock Inn at Stony Stratford to have been in the old days before a tramway desecrated this primitive old town. The freak took me to get out of London one hot night, and I found that a train started from St. Pancras to Ely at ten o'clock at night. Through the courtesy of the railway officials, I was able to wire down to the Lamb Inn at Ely to say I was on the road and might be expected at midnight. I did not care to be benighted in the streets of Ely or to have to sleep on the steps of the mighty cathedral. Now, what should I have found at the ordinary company hotel, where they take you in and ticket you like an imprisoned convict? I should have found a sleepy "boots" or an indignant young lady in the bar, who wished me at Jericho for disturbing her beauty sleep. But what did I find at the Lamb Inn at Ely, as the clock struck twelve? I found the landlord and landlady up to receive me. It was their gracious custom. I found a nice little supper ready for me and a house oiled and beeswaxed and smelling of roses, and as neat as a new pin. It was the good old hospitable fashion. It was Shenstone's "warmest welcome at an inn." I was a guest, not a customer. A pretty custom prevails at the Lamb Inn at Ely. The worthy landlord is a great rose-grower, and every morning his excellent wife fills every available vase in every room with choice roses, bidding each customer to take one or a bunch, and in exchange to drop a few pence into the box that collects subscriptions for the local hospital. I shall be told, perhaps, that I am advertising or puffing the Lamb Inn at Ely. Well, so I am; but I do so in the interests of travellers like myself. I have never stayed at the Lamb Inn before, and possibly chance will never take me there again. The landlord and landlady did not know me from Adam when I left. But I thank them for keeping up the old English inn tradition, and for showing Americans what these cosy old homes were like in the days of long ago.

A HISTORY OF MOUNTAINEERING.



CRACK CLIMBERS.

The history of mountaineering, which is roughly sketched by Sir Frederick Pollock in his admirable chapter in this work,* consists rather of pages from the lives of many men than of any precise and continuous narrative. It is only, perhaps, in the last fifty years that mountaineering has had a history. Prior to that time, says Sir Frederick Pollock, the critical impulse was lacking. Much was accomplished, much that was good in its way was done, but it was outpost work at its best. Even in the year 1840, Gottlieb Studer tells of the terrors of the Strahlick, and is pathetic as he travels from Grimsel to Grindelwald, baffled by mist, failing to hit off the true pass, driven back upon Grimsel in despair, to write of the extraordinary fatigue and danger to which he had been subjected. Yet, when nineteen years had passed, the excursion "offers no serious difficulties to a moderately good mountaineer," as John Ball testifies to a people whose eyes were opened and whose critical faculty was aroused by the mastery of peaks and by the victories of pioneers. In 1854 Mr. Justice Wills—then Mr. Alfred Wills—made the ascent of the Wetterhorn; in 1855 Monte Rosa succumbed; in 1856 Mont Blanc was gained without guides. From these years onwards the newer life took breath; the seed which Forbes had taken from De Saussure burst from the ground, and there were many to reap. Nor, indeed, was there but one harvest and one sower. Looking back through those early records, the pages are black with the names of those who will be held good to memory while mountains are, as Ruskin says, the beginning and end of all natural scenery. In such a list none may rightly give precedence, but surely the name of John Ball must stand boldly in the placing—John Ball, the first President of the Alpine Club, "the mountaineer and statesman, the man of the world, the man of science," the father of the "Encyclopædia Alpina," the hero of the first passage of the Schwarz Thor from Zermatt to San Giacomo d'AYas, the man who in the full understanding of the mountain ecstasy placed on record the contemptuous pity he felt for one whose mind was so diseased that he could ask if life was worth the living? With Ball, too, must Reilly stand a master of the days which have been; and with Reilly, Hinchliff; and with Hinchliff, Moore; and with Moore the gentle Hudson, Hardy the King of the Riffel, and through many years until the greater names of the moment are reached,

* Mountaineering. By C. T. Dent. The Badminton Library. (Longmans, Green, and Co., London.)

when Whymper stands out with Tyndall, and half the Alpine Club should rightly answer to the roll-call.

In his recollections of a mountaineer, Mr. C. E. Mathews, who claims the twelfth chapter in this book, gives a very complete outline, not only of the greater work achieved by many of these active leaders in mountaineering, but of the spirit of change which has characterised so markedly the history of the past fifty years in the work. In 1852 the Great Eastern of France took the traveller to Strasburg, whence he could get to Basle, but "there was no railway within a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles of the various centres of Alpine attraction." To-day we leave London at eleven in the forenoon and breakfast next morning at Lausanne, but none the less is the line up the valley of Aosta a crime, nor the degradation of the Wengern Alp an infamy to all time. Well, too, may the writer drop a tear for the tumbrel which once awaited us at St. Gervais, and the char-à-banc which rattled our bones from the village to Chamounix. The paths of the Brunig and the Furca, the Bernina and the Albula are no more; no more is the mountain inn, no more is the old Krone at Pontresina; we are a people of mountain huts and French cookery, and we write our names in a book "kept for that purpose." The worst among us seek the veteran guides of the Dru or the Blaitière for the Flegère or the Brévant; and when we return home we write about them. System has done much for us in the valleys and ways, so that we have no shame to ask a Melchior Anderregy "combiang" for the Mer de Glace, or to profess our indifference whether we go under the wing of a François Devouassoud or a third-rate specimen from the Société des Guides. It is all in the modernising system, and yet with it all we—as the great unclassed—have no part or lot in the mighty work which the numbered few are doing and have done. The critical faculty moves, indeed, but the disciples are rare; the great spirit of the mountain life breathes out only upon small and slowly increasing numbers of



ON THE MESSER GRAT.

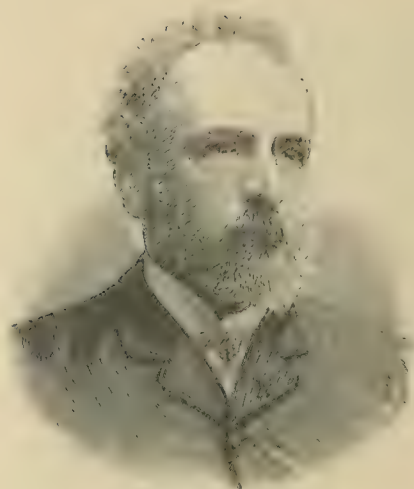


BACKING-UP.

chosen children. No books may teach, no narration induct, the vital first principles which lead the finest intellects *ad astra*. It is known only to them; for the majority the place is ever the hotel-door at Zermatt, the charm is the field-glass, the watchword "Fools." But the "fools" speak in season of the faith which is in them, and, speaking, draw to them the faithful, who sit humbly at the feet of the masters, and are lighted in their turn by the fire which is to consume them.

It is one thing to write the history of mountaineering, it is another to make a mountaineer. This latter attempt is the work of Mr. Dent, with the able experts who have helped him in the task—Mr. Conway, Mr. Freshfield, Mr. Pilkington, Mr. Willink, and Mr. Justice Wills in the fresh and bright introduction. The captain of a May eight groaning over a twelve-stone man who will not swing is hardly a more pitiable object than a skilled climber groaning over one who has neither the will nor the spirit to climb. Take such a man and boot him, put axe in his hand, pack his haversack, and place him well in the party of four, and three will be miserable. Do what you will, you cannot teach one whose heart is ever in the valleys, whose ambition is in the Grands Mulets. But, argues Mr. Dent, among a dozen of this kind, let us find the one in whom the true fire is latent—and him we will teach. There is nothing to be said against the plan. Such a man seeking will find here a very store of marvels. Even in Pall Mall he may glean something of the wondrous art of snow-craft, may go to his tailor's with some fixed ideas, may learn of rock-climbing, may appreciate the difficulties of "backing-up" when one has fallen on an ice-slope, may understand with less hazy notions what is "crack" climbing, and in the fine illustrations "On the Messer Grat" and "Kommen Sie Nur" may weigh up the question of "courage," and ask himself if he is prepared to go and do likewise. There is hardly a branch of the whole art which is overlooked in this admirable and exhaustive treatise—at once a triumph for the "Badminton Library" and for its authors; and if the pure romance of mountaineering is overlooked for the practical, that is well in a work which aims above all things at being practical. To-day, the man who is fortified with courage which is not a false courage, with experience which is not a mere aping of brilliancy, with a true teaching and a true instinct, courts but the minimum of danger, even in those places which tradition has laid its finger upon and where honours have been freely reaped; and if the total of accidents has steadily mounted, and the list of fatalities has grown apace, such a total and such a list are in the main part the due of folly and the due of incompetence. With these pages of tragedy Mr. Dent does not deal—feeling, perhaps, as the greatest number of Alpine men must ever feel, that the supreme tragedy of the Alps was written more than twenty-five years ago, when Hudson, Hadow, Michel Croz, and Lord F. Douglas fell from the Matterhorn, four thousand feet to the glacier below, and Mr. Whymper with the Jangwalders lived to find the bodies beneath the shadow of the mountain they had vanquished at such a price.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.



MR. J. BAKER (PORTSMOUTH), G.

A woollen merchant and outfitter at Portsmouth, Southampton, Brighton, and Liverpool; Alderman of Portsmouth and twice Mayor; late Chairman of School Board. Polled 9643, against 9135.



MR. T. LOUGH (ISLINGTON, W.), G.

Born 1850, at Killyneebber House, Cavan, Ireland; educated at Wesleyan School, Dublin; wholesale tea-dealer, Lough Brothers, Eastcheap, London; Home Rule Union. Polled 3385, against 2655.



MR. F. C. FRYE (KENSINGTON, N.), G.

Born 1845, at Saffron Walden, Essex; grocer and wine merchant, of the firm of Levett and Frye; London County Councillor, Public Library Commissioner. Polled 3503, against 3293.



MR. J. M. CHEETHAM (OLDHAM), G.

Born 1835; educated at High School, Oldham; cotton-spinner and manufacturer, firm of James Cheetham and Sons, Manchester; Chairman of Oldham Joint-Stock Bank. Polled 12,619, against 12,205.



MR. H. E. KEARLEY (DEVONPORT), G.

Born 1856; educated at Surrey County School, Cranleigh; is a wholesale tea-merchant, firm of Kearley and Toner, Mitre Square, London, E.C. Polled 3354, against 3012.



MR. W. O. CLOUGH (PORTSMOUTH), G.

The election of Mr. W. Baker and Mr. Clough for this borough gained two seats for the Gladstonian party. Mr. Clough polled 2448, against 2135. At last election a Liberal Unionist and a Conservative were returned.



MR. J. S. WALLACE (LIMEHOUSE), G.

Born 1840, at Belfast; educated there; a retired merchant, largely interested in American gold mines, and patentee of successful inventions; Irish Protestant Home Ruler. Polled 2475, against 2395.



CAPTAIN C. W. NORTON (NEWINGTON, W.), G.

Born 1850; educated at Trinity College, Dublin (double prizeman), and at Sandhurst Military College; served in 5th Royal Irish Lancers; was Brigade-Major of Cavalry. Polled 3421, against 2328.



MR. J. M. MOORSOM, Q.C. (YARMOUTH), G.

Born 1837, son of the late Vice-Admiral Moorsom; educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, and at Trinity College, Cambridge; called to the Bar in 1863. Polled 2972, against 2701.



MR. J. H. WILSON (MIDDLESBROUGH), G.

Born 1857; was a seaman; has started the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union, which has now 80,000 or 90,000 members; Trades Union elect candidate. Polled 4531, against 3333.



MR. G. W. BENN (ST. GEORGE'S, EAST), G.

Born 1850, in Cheshire; is a printer and publisher in Finsbury Square, a writer and lecturer on art-manufactures and social improvement; a leading member of the London County Council. Polled 1661, against 1263.



MR. H. W. PAUL (EDINBURGH, S.), G.

Born 1853, son of a clergyman; educated at Eton and Christ Church College, Oxford (first-class honours); President of the Union at Oxford; is a journalist. Polled 4565, against 4234.



MR. W. H. HOLLAND (SALFORD, N.), G.

Born 1850; educated at Manchester Grammar School; a cotton-spinner; Alderman of Manchester; Director of Manchester Chamber of Commerce; President of a Liberal Association. Polled 3686, against 3399.



MR. P. G. CARVILL (NEWRY), N.

Born 1839, at Moygaunon, Rosstrevor; educated at the London University; called to English Bar at Middle Temple; High Sheriff of Armagh in 1878. Polled 907, against 744.



MR. DADABHAI NAOROJI (FINSBURY, C.), G.

Born at Bombay, 1825, a Parsee; educated at Elphinstone College, was professor of mathematics and science there; came to London 1855, partner of Cama and Co., merchants. Polled 2959, against 2956.



MR. J. BRUCE (GREENOCK), G.

Born 1861; son of Mr. James Bruce, banker; educated at the University of Aberdeen; gained two law scholarships at Innes of Court, London; called to the Bar, 1889. Polled 3034, against 2990. (Disputed return.)

NEW MEMBERS OF THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.



MR. J. ROSS, Q.C. (LONDONDERRY), C.
Born 1834, son of Rev. Dr. Ross, Londonderry; educated at Foyle College and at Trinity College, Dublin (first classical scholar, 1876); Irish barrister. Polled 1982, against 1954.



MR. P. M. THORNTON (CLAPHAM), C.
Born 1841, son of late Admiral Thornton; educated at Harrow and at Jesus College, Cambridge; was library commissioner for Battersea; author of several historical works. Polled 5170, against 4526.



SIR G. R. SITWELL, BART. (SCARBOROUGH), C.
Born 1860; educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford; lord of the manor of Renishaw, Chesterfield; married daughter of first Earl of Scarborough. Polled 2293, against 2122.



MR. R. M. DANE (FERMANAGH, N.), C.
Born 1852, son of a solicitor; educated at Royal School, Enniskillen, and at Trinity College, Dublin; barrister practising in Ireland; resides in Dublin. Polled 2793, against 2482.



SIR W. G. PEARCE, BART. (PLYMOUTH), C.
Born 1861, son of late Sir W. Pearce, Bart., Govan, Clyde; educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; Chairman of Fairfield Shipbuilding, Guion and Oriental Steam-Ship Companies. Polled 5081, against 4921.



GENERAL SIR G. CHESNEY (OXFORD), C.
Born 1830; entered Bengal Engineers 1848; Indian Mutiny War and Burmah; was President of Cooper's Hill College, and Military Secretary to Government of India. Polled 3276, against 3156.



MR. J. C. MACDONA (ROTHERHITHE), C.
Born 1836, West Kirby, Cheshire; educated at Trinity College, Dublin; was a clergyman of Church of England; is a barrister; President of Kennel Club. Polled 3995, against 2765.



COLONEL C. W. MURRAY (BATH), C.
Born 1844, son of Prebendary Murray, St. Paul's; educated at Marlborough College; served as staff officer in the Zulu War, Afghan War, Egyptian Expedition, and in Bechuanaland. Polled 3198, against 2981.



MR. F. G. BANBURY (PECKHAM), C.
Born 1850, at Shirley House, Surrey; educated at Winchester; is a member of the firm of F. Banbury and Sons, stockbrokers, of Old Broad Street, City. Polled 3847, against 3664.



MR. WILSON LLOYD (WEDNESBURY), C.
Born 1835; educated at York; is owner of collieries and iron mines, Bescot Forge, Iron and Steel Works, &c; Chairman of Wednesbury School Board. Polled 4986, against 4926.



MR. T. CHAMBERLAYNE (SOUTHAMPTON), C.
Born 1843, son of late Mr. Chamberlayne, of Cranbury Park, Winchester, and Baddesley Manor, Romsey; educated at Eton and at Magdalen College, Oxford. Polled 5449, against 5182.



CAPT. SIR A. ACLAND HOOD (SOMERSET, W.), C.
Born 1853, eldest son of late Sir A. Hood, Bart.; educated at Eton, at Balliol College, Oxford, and at Sandhurst; served in Dragoon Guards and Grenadier Guards. Polled 4369, against 3485.



MR. H. D. GREENE, Q.C. (SHREWSBURY), C.
Born 1843, son of Mr. B. B. Greene, of Midgham House, Berks; ex-Governor of Bank of England; educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; barrister on Oxford Circuit, Recorder of Ludlow. Polled 1979, against 1573.



SIR A. R. SCOBLE, Q.C. (HACKNEY, C.), C.
Born 1831, at Toronto, Canada; educated in London; called to the Bar; Advocate-General at Bombay; one of Council of Viceroy of India, 1886 to 1891. Polled 3478, against 3193.



MR. F. JAMES (WALSALL), C.
Born 1821, at Walsall; educated at King's College School, London; proprietor of iron-foundry; Vice-Chairman of Staffordshire County Council and of Waterworks Company. Polled 5226, against 4909.



MR. J. H. STOCK (LIVERPOOL, WALTON), C.
Born 1855, only son of late J. Stock, Esq., of Knolle Park, Woolton; educated at Christ Church, Oxford; called to the Bar 1882; Lieutenant in Lancashire Hussars. Polled 3707, against 2493.

AN EARLY PRIG.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The History of Prigs has yet to be written, and perhaps could only have been handled by the author of "The Book of Snobs." It is a great topic. The prehistoric prig, the classical prig (like Nicias and Aristides), the mediæval prig (like Alfred the Great in very early youth and Edward the Confessor always), the revolutionary prig, modern prigs in all their vast variety, pass, like the ghosts in "Macbeth," across the mental retina. To-day we chant a lowlier theme—namely, the history of one little English prig, who flourished in 1764, when the Pretender was expected with a flotilla of French boats. The children's books of that age, tiny little volumes in gilt paper covers, are the joy of some collectors. One of those amateurs lately bought a perfect library of such tomes, "Goody Two Shoes" and all, for thirty shillings—a marvellous bargain. From the library I have selected a volume with the comfortable title—

THE

WHITSUNTIDE GIFT;

OR,

THE WAY TO BE VERY HAPPY.

Adorned with Cuts.

London:

Printed for J. Newbery, at the Bible and Sun, in St. Paul's Churchyard. 1764.

This work is the history of Master Billy Smith, who had once, in an earlier volume, been the very worst boy in the parish, but who had been converted into the very best, the prize prig. Unluckily, of Billy's early adventures, which must be piquant, I have discovered no trace in literature. Has anyone "The Easter Gift," about the days of Billy's iniquity, when, no doubt, he went on the war-path? When we take up Billy's career "the Whole Country sounded with his fame" and that of his sister Kitty, and "the Duke of Goodwill made them a Present of two little Horses" and invited them to stay at his seat in Yorkshire. Billy no sooner beheld the richly saddled steeds than he turned to Kitty, and observed, "This present from his Grace, my dear Kitty, puts me in mind of that Copy in one of our Books which says, *Virtue is its own Reward.*" His worthy sister coincided in this sentiment, which, as she said, she was wont to impress on all her playmates. As they rode to his Grace, Billy suggested that they should take off the red ribbons which had been given them as an outward and visible sign of their extraordinary virtues. In the artless language of our contemporary youth, he thought these distinctions "too swagger," "and nothing, you know, is so odious as Pride." On reaching the truly Georgian mansion of his Grace, they were led to the best parlour, and entertained with sweetmeats. The Duke then preached at some length. He had only been a cadet of a family "which lived too fast to live long," and by living slow he had blossomed into his honours and property. His younger brothers' children had even been "bred to trade," and he probably had a nephew in the wine business.

A ragged boy, whom Billy meant to tip, now entered, and was recognised as the long-lost son of Sir Richard Blossom. Master Blossom had been kidnapped by a wicked cousin, and sent to the plantations in the manner designed for Mr. David Balfour of Shaws. The Duke shed tears, and Master Blossom, or, rather, Sir Thomas, was arrayed in a suit of the young Marquis's. Next day was Sunday, and Master Billy was walking in the park after church. Here the little monster saw some boys at cricket; the wicket had only two low stumps, with one huge bail projecting at each side. The batter had a curved bat, which he held all across wicket. The infamous Billy asked them "How they could be such naughty boys as to play on Sunday!" Billy then preached at considerable length, easily refuting a scoffer who maintained that there were difficulties in the Jewish Law. This premature Elsmere was neatly stopped and countered by Billy, who persisted in delivering a homily on each of the Ten Commandments, with illustrative anecdotes that frightened the young Marquis. He especially mentioned several persons who boated on Sunday, and "were all drowned in the Flower of their Youth in a Pond called Drows." As to the Sixth Commandment, the young Marquis put in the following example of the inconveniences attendant on the crime of murder: In 1690 a man in Ireland dreamed that he saw two men murdering a relation of his own near Amesbury, a capital spot for such an action, the downs being lonely, near the mysterious monuments of some vanished race. He wrote and cautioned his cousin, who only mocked, and who was murdered the next night, according to the programme. The murderers were detected by the description in the Irishman's letter, and hanged in chains. Encouraged by his success, the young Marquis next told a story from Moretus's "Secrets of the Invisible World Disclosed": A man was being tried for a murder; the evidence was weak, but the judge saw a terror in the eye of the accused. He asked the culprit if there was not someone in court whose testimony would put the matter out of doubt? The man, rather incautiously, replied: "My lord, he is not a legal witness. No man can speak in his own cause, nor was the wound I gave him half so large as he shows against me." In brief, the man saw the ghost of his victim, as the judge had surmised, and, having once let this out, he was brought to a confession.

The steward next told how a young lady, alone in a country house, was obliged to admit four robbers. She led them into the strong-room, locked them in, and alarmed the neighbourhood. In this "aisy stratagem," as Captain Costigan has it, the steward recognised "the Hand of Providence, for what woman, under such circumstances, could have behaved in such a manner without supernatural assistance?"

The Seventh Commandment was illustrated by a pleasing tale of Anne Waters, who was a faithless wife, killed her husband, and was discovered by the dream of a woman in the neighbourhood.

The Marquis now entreated, Billy to look sharp, as the

dinner-bell was ringing. Billy cantered through the rest of the Decalogue, and proved to be a ploughboy of Liberal opinions that a poor man might be happy if he "contracted a habit of being pleased at the prosperity of others," a pleasing exercise for which opportunities are frequent. Thus Billy himself took pleasure in the Duke's park, and did not want to kill the tame deer. They now dined, without the ploughboy, who, we trust, continued the innings interrupted, in the most unsportsmanlike manner, by the egregiously Billy. His abominable adventures are continued in "The Fairing," which I have not been able to procure, nor to learn whether Billy was ducked by a justly infuriated populace, or whether he grew up, and married Lady Mary, and somehow became a duke himself, as appears more probable.

On such fare were our great-grandfathers nourished, and the only wonder is that the moralities of Billy did not provoke a social cataclysm. The authors of these volumes were probably starving hacks. Goldsmith was of the company, and it is to be feared that they did not express their real opinions, any more than many journalists do in our moral age.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Churchmen and Dissenters have been watching very closely the results of the elections. In England the question of Disestablishment was not very directly raised; but all Gladstonians are pledged to Disestablishment in Wales and Scotland, while the great majority accept the principle for England as well. But the Unionists prevail in England, and they, allowing for the not unimportant exception of Mr. Chamberlain and his party, go solidly for the Church. The defeat of Mr. Reed and Lord Cranborne are real losses to the Church Defence party.

In Wales the Disestablishment party have triumphed. There Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues enormously increased their popularity by their resistance to Mr. Gladstone on the Clergy Discipline Bill, and the less enthusiastic members, led by Mr. Stuart Rendel, are obliged to fall into line. The leading Welsh organs of Dissent have favoured the independence of the Welsh party, as they do not entirely trust Mr. Gladstone on this point.

In Scotland the battle, which has been very keen, has turned almost entirely on the Church question, and Mr. Gladstone has gone so far as to attribute the enormous diminution in his majority entirely to the influence of the Church. This view is not accepted by shrewd and well-informed observers in Scotland. There was no vote in Midlothian in 1886, else it would have appeared that Unionism was specially strong in that district. Nor is the Established Church so powerful in the district as she is in other places where she has been overwhelmingly defeated. Besides, Mr. Gladstone was at no pains to conceal his coldness in the matter. Enormous pressure was brought to bear on him—Principal Rainy, the leader of Scotch Dissent, having had a special interview with him at Dalmeny; but the utmost he could be induced to say was that he would follow—not lead—the majority of the Scottish members. In several constituencies the Church reduced the Gladstonian vote, and the few Unionist successes are in part due to it. On the whole, however, very little was accomplished, and it is no secret that the Scotch Liberal members are exceedingly desirous to see the thorny question taken out of the way.

The so-called "Reunion" Conference at Grindelwald is being watched with astonishment by some and much quiet amusement by others. It has been very cleverly engineered in the advertising way; its promoters well deserve whatever success they may secure, for they are keeping their promises, giving a cheap holiday trip, skilfully arranged, and providing for the evening fantastical discussions on "reunion," which are at least as harmless as billiards or chess, and probably less exhausting.

Continuing his lectures at St. Asaph, Mr. Gore touched again on the criticism of the Old Testament. While continuing to maintain that "changes would be required" in our conception of the Old Testament, he maintained that the New Testament would stand, and that criticism had only placed it in a firmer position than ever. As to Christianity and Evolution, he advised the reading of Le Comte's book, "Evolution in Relation to Religious Thought."

The Rev. F. B. Meyer's acceptance of Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road (Dr. Newman Hall's), is, in some ways, a new departure. Mr. Meyer is not in sympathy with "denominationalism"; he is what is called an "Open Brother"—i.e., a Plymouth Brother, who does not refuse to hold communion with Christians of all creeds, and the church of which he is the pastor will less than ever be attached to any sect or party. Another Baptist minister, Mr. Fuller Gooch, has made a similar departure at Norwood. These movements are not unnaturally viewed with marked disfavour by denominational leaders.

In the Sunday afternoon sermon at St. Paul's, on July 17, Archdeacon Sinclair denounced gambling and betting as vices specially ruinous to young men of the class of clerks and accountants; he remarked that this passion, once stirred, was harder to overcome than the craving for strong drink, and would carry men to a greater degree of criminal recklessness. He would not discriminate between this or that pursuit, the Turf or the Stock Exchange, or the indulgence of the gambling spirit by different classes in different ways. "I have myself known," he said, "pious and respectable women who daily prayed, with fervent earnestness, that they might make thirty per cent. by a Stock Exchange speculation; not seeing that their agent would be directly plundering those not so cunning as himself."

The Clergy Mutual Assurance Society's business during the past year was larger than in any former year, the number of policies being 521, amount insured £333,721, giving an average policy of £710. The bonuses distributed by the society are large, the annual premiums charged below the average.

Lord Portman has just placed with the Church Army a valuable piece of land in Marylebone, to assist them in erecting one of their small Labour Homes for tramps, criminals, and inebriates. These institutions are carried on so quietly as to be no disturbance to the neighbourhood.

The Russian Government has recently decreed the suppression of Roman Catholic religious instruction in the Polish elementary schools, and contemplates abolishing the bishopric of Luzk and Zytomeritz, the last remaining Catholic episcopal see in the province of Ruthenia. These measures, taken in compliance with the demands of the Holy Synod of the Russian Orthodox Church, have called forth a strong remonstrance from the Pope, supported by France.

PICTURES OF GERMAN LIFE.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

VI.—THE BUREAUCRACY (CIVIL SERVICE).

Germany has two armies—one composed of soldiers, the other of Civil Service officials—and it is hard to say which is the more highly disciplined, dutiful, and efficient. As the German Army proper is the most perfect fighting machine of its kind in existence, so you shall likewise search the whole world over without finding the equal of the Prussian bureaucracy, or *Beamten*, for virtues which are as valuable as they are poorly paid. It has ever been the boast of Prussian Sovereigns—from the Great Elector and the Great Frederick downwards—that they were the "first servants of the State," and to follow a career of which their rulers thus have had so high a conception is the prime aspiration of every true Prussian. Before all things your juvenile German aims at embracing a "State career," at filling some niche in the official hierarchy, whether as a "Privy Councillor" or a policeman; nor is he deterred from gratifying this laudable ambition by the prospect of receiving his very slender pay partly in money and partly in decorations, with the promise of a proportionate pension when he can no longer "fag." It is remarkable how much more the ordinary German believes in his Government than in himself—in State-help rather than in self-help—and he therefore prefers to identify himself with a public office rather than with a private enterprise. He is at once the child and the servant of the State; not so much an individual of independent methods as a portion of a huge and complicated yet easy-going machine, of a political organism which is perfect of its kind.

Perfect of its kind, because perfect in all its component parts and in the men who work it. From the outside point of view, the typical German official is in many respects a very defective sort of person; but the more objectionable he is to the public, the more agreeable he is to his employers. To the latter he is exceedingly servile; but for the obsequiousness which he is bound to show to his superiors he recoups himself, and richly too, by the insolence of his manner to those beneath him. "In the subaltern portion of our State servants," wrote Bismarck in one of his Frankfort despatches, "there is rooted, with indestructible firmness, a tendency to overbearing and rude." And again: "My own experience does not allow me to contradict the complaints of all travellers, who agree in calling the Berlin police the rudest in Europe, and in asserting that in their arrogant treatment of individuals, as well as in their neglect of the forms of civility in general, they excel even the French *mouchard*."

It is true that things have changed very much for the better all over Germany, as well as in Berlin, since Bismarck wrote thus; but, nevertheless, most German officials are still "gey ill to live wi'" as Carlyle was pronounced to be by his poor old mother. In the eyes, however, of their employers their vices of form are more than counterbalanced by their virtues of office, which render them at once the *decus et tutamen* of their country. Laborious beyond most men, poorly paid for the amount and quality of their work, meek under misconception, patient of slow preferment, highly disciplined and discreet, cautious and incorruptible—the German army of Civil Service officials, those enthusiastic drudges and devotees of public duty, will challenge comparison for cheapness and efficiency with that of any other State in the world.

VII.—JOURNALISTS.

The professorial or Brahminical body, those high priests of knowledge, are the most respected class of men in all Germany after the Shatriya or military caste; and perhaps it would not be altogether untrue to say that the opposite pole of popular esteem is occupied by that category of the Emperor's subjects whom his Majesty, with perfect frankness, described as "Press scamps," by which he meant "able editors" and their underlings. As for the academic lecturers themselves, they look down with a sovereign contempt upon all extra-mural teachers and critics of the philosophies, whether household or heaven-aspiring, as mere smatterers and scribblers, sophists and seed-pickers (or "spermologoi," as the wise men of Athens said of St. Paul), though I could name you several newspapers in Germany that are written with a literary power for which you would vainly search the lecture-rooms of the Fatherland from Bonn to Breslau. But then the Press in Germany, unlike the Universities, is not a State institution, and how can a thing which is not recognised by the State be so intrinsically meritorious or so productive of popular enlightenment as educational machinery which bears the stamp of the Government? The thing is simply impossible.

And then, again, if you look at the Press from the professorial point of view, what a seething Alsatia—or, rather, perhaps, Bohemia—does it not present of social outcasts—"stickit ministers" (not the "*ministres assassins*" of the French translator), abortive schoolmasters, plucked State-career candidates, men who take to criticising because they cannot create, and fellows who have failed in everything they undertook! Rome may have been founded by such social offscourings and desperate riffraff; but history never repeats itself, says the Professor, nor can you create a sound and reputable Fourth Estate out of a mass of rascality and incompetence. It is all very well for your Jew, with his cosmopolitan tastes, his money-making aims, and his back-stair methods, to take to journalism, and Heaven knows there are plenty of them in the trade; but is this a fit pursuit for an honest, self-respecting German, with his inborn love for the orderly and the ideal? The Herr Professor scarcely thinks it is, and many of his countrymen, including their imperial ruler, seem to agree with him, all the more readily, perhaps, in view of the spectacle presented by the Lord of Friedrichsruh, who, having lived a statesman, promises to die a journalist. During the French War, the correspondent of a German newspaper at Versailles blew his brains out from mortification at the superior treatment accorded to his English colleagues by the Crown Prince; but the social and professional status of German journalists—however inferior it may yet be—has greatly improved since then; and perhaps the strictures of the Herr Professor are not untinged with a little of that *Brod-Neid* which we found to be characteristic of his class. If you could roll the German Professor and the German Pressman into one, the product, touched up and toned down, would not bear a very bad resemblance to the best and highest type of an English journalist.

The new Seamen's Institute and Rest in Westferry Road, Millwall Dock, was opened on Thursday, July 14, by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck, who was accompanied by the Duke of Teck. Lord Brassey, President of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, received her Royal Highness there, with the Earl of Meath and an assembly of ladies and gentlemen. This institution, to which Louisa Lady Ashburton is a chief contributor, is part of the scheme of good works to be aided by the Albert Victor Memorial Fund, including also the Albert Victor Sailors' Rest in West India Dock Road.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Of late days, I have been favoured with a considerable amount of literature concerning Dr. Keeley's "Double Chloride of Gold Cure for Drunkenness," which, as I write, is being exploited by Dr. Keeley himself in London, and which has formed the subject of a very decided attack by Dr. Norman Kerr and others at the Society for the Study of Inebriety. This "cure" is no new thing on the other side of the Atlantic; but even there its reception has been of a decidedly mixed character. What the British public want to know, and what it is most desirable for them to know, is the true scientific status of Dr. Keeley's treatment. Inebriety, as we all know, is a terrible malady—for malady it is, dependent, as often as not, on conditions of body as well as on conditions of mind. The most hopeful view of drunkenness, I take it, is that which regards it as a disease, to be cured by appropriate treatment—medical, hygienic, and moral combined. Now, before anyone gives his support and countenance to Dr. Keeley's "gold cure," or to any other empirical method of treatment, modern medicine will naturally demand to know what that mode of treatment really is. As I understand matters, Dr. Keeley refuses to acquaint us with the composition of his "cure," and so far, it comes under the designation of a remedy inebriates are to swallow with their eyes shut, in the faith and hope that it will better their "parlous state." But even the patronage of the Rev. Dr. Talmage will not suffice to credit the "gold cure" on this side of the Atlantic, unless we know, first of all, what it is; and when Dr. Keeley tells us (I quote from his Brooklyn speech, reported in his own journal) that he defies analysis, it is time to warn the British public that, before they give support and credence to this treatment, they should hear what science has to say about it.

Dr. Keeley added, in speaking of his remedies, "There is no chemist in the world that can take my remedies, even a river of them, and analyse them, and give me a quantitative, qualitative, or an analysis in fact. I defy chemistry in that particular." This is "a large order," as the vulgar tongue hath it. Let us see what Dr. Norman Kerr and his colleagues in London say about one of Dr. Keeley's solutions. I learn that, on analysis, by the chemistry which Dr. Keeley defies, it was found, first of all, to contain nearly 28 per cent. of alcohol; and this is a drunkards' remedy! It contained sugar and some vegetable matter besides. A speaker at the society's meeting gave a very matter-of-fact account of a visit he paid to the Keeley Institute at Dwight, with results which were, to say the least, very far short of confirming the somewhat high-flown accounts given of the treatment by its promoters. Again, I have a list of non-successes, taken from an American medical journal, worthy the attention of those who may be interested in this matter. Here is the indictment by Dr. C. H. Merz, in the *Medical Age*: "Colonel Mines (who published a glowing article on this 'cure'), a few weeks after his 'cure,' died of alcoholism; James G. Fair died of heart disease, directly attributed to the treatment; Walter R. Earle died a raving maniac a week after his dismissal; Henry Anstey died during treatment; Luther Benson went mad; Charles Vaughan went insane; ex-Congressman Hopkins went mad, and died soon after treatment." These are very serious statements from the American side, and I think it my duty to second the efforts of the medical press of this country in warning the public against accepting any statements about the "gold cure" for drunkenness, until they have had both sides of the case well threshed out in evidence. Dr. Keeley, as matters stand, has to combat very direct evidence against his treatment; and one of the curious points about the whole story is the fact that, while it is called the "gold" cure, I fail, at present, to find any evidence that the precious metal figures in it at all. There is no evidence to be found in medicine that gold is a cure for inebriety. If Dr. Kerr and the English profession at large are to be trusted, people should think twice (or thrice) before crediting Dr. Keeley's treatment with any curative powers at all.

May we one day hope to see in London the "Urania Scientific Theatre," at present attracting much attention in New York? By aid of most elaborate apparatus, the various epochs in the past history of our earth, astronomical and geological, are beautifully set forth with a wealth of dioramic effects. The spectator sees before him the evolution of the world "from chaos to man"; while "a trip to the moon" has been similarly dealt with. There is nothing comparable to this popular scientific exposition elsewhere. Originally it hailed from Berlin, and I understand Mr. Andrew Carnegie has interested himself greatly in the success of this attempt to popularise science. Will not Sir Augustus Harris, or Mr. John Hollingshead, or other of our entrepreneurs give England the benefit of such an exhibition? It has only to be started here, I am convinced, to become the talk of the town. If any enterprising speculator wishes to exploit the Urania Scientific Theatre, he should address Mr. Morris Reno, at the Carnegie Music-Hall, New York. Aided by the magnificent views, necessitating a full complement of costly apparatus, a lecture on how the earth has come to be, with its stages and epochs leading from the early ages of Silurian and Devonian times, onwards to the Ice Age and prehistoric man, could not fail to be intensely popular. If panoramas have been successful when well managed, a big future in this country should await the attempt to show forth the history of our earth by the vivid and realistic aid which the art of the scene-painter and stage manager affords.

No sooner has Sir James Crichton Browne settled the question of male versus female brains than he tackles the question of tooth-culture. In this last department of physiology he will probably meet with a greater concurrence of opinion than when he sought to show that, on most points, women's brain-powers were inferior, in a way at least, to those of man. There is no doubt that, as a nation, our teeth are bad, very bad, and that they are getting worse is also a kind of accepted truism. White bread, as the "staff of life," is credited with lacking the mineral constituents which go to build up teeth and bones alike—though of course, teeth are not bones, but first consins to the hair and nails, being formed by what is really a skin structure—namely, the gum. Sir J. Crichton Browne says that the absence of fluorine in our food is one cause of tooth-weakness; and we should obtain this element, he adds, from the outer parts, or "bran," of the wheat. I fancy one will require further evidence before accepting this explanation as an important cause of tooth-failure. White bread is just as nutritious, I believe, as brown bread; indeed, many persons cannot partake of brown bread at all. Chemical analysis, as shown in Mr. Goodfellow's recently published book on "Bread," does not relegate white bread to the lowest place as a nutrient. Why not recommend porridge as the saviour of our teeth? This is an old story, of course, but it is a true one, that oatmeal is a highly nutritious and bone and tooth forming diet. Given oatmeal, especially in early life, and I should say we may let the fluorine of our teeth take care of itself.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

BLAIR COCHRANE (Clever).—We are sorry to have to repeat that No. 2512 cannot be solved by 1. Kt to B 6th. By an oversight, we quoted the wrong defence last week—K to K 4th, not K 3rd, is the move that baffles your proposed solution.

W. GUY, JUN. (Johnstone, N.B.).—Your solution of No. 2515 is incorrect. What if Black play P to Q 4th?

R. KELLY (of Kelly).—Thanks for problem, which looks attractive, and we hope will prove sound on examination.

L. F. THURGOOD (Westminster).—Yes, we should like a further contribution.

J. A. CHARLES (Hornsey).—Before proceeding to criticism, you should know what you are talking about. If a problem is to be solved in two moves, it is quite sound, though there are fifty solutions in four moves.

R. WALTERS (Leicester).—We cannot usually demonstrate a win in such cases; we only indicate what are obvious errors or safer lines of play.

W. KNIGHT (Batham).—Your problem admits of at least two solutions besides your own—one by 1. Kt to Q 3rd (ch), and the other Q to K R 7th (ch). We are afraid these are incurable faults; but we shall be pleased to examine other contributions.

REV. J. MIDDLEMIST. —Your last problem embodies a pretty idea, but besides your own solution it can be solved by 1. Q to R 5th, 1. R to Kt 4th, 1. R to Q 4th, 1. B to Kt 5th, 1. B to Q 2nd, and finally 1. P to R 3rd.

MILES TAYLOR. —White can certainly castle in the position named.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2513 received from R. SYER (California) and W. H. THOMPSON (Tenerife); of No. 2514 from B. W. LA MOIR (New York), W. H. THOMPSON, Robert Syer, and James Clark (Chester); of No. 2515 from J. W. SHAW (Montreal), James Clark, An Old Lady (P. person, U.S.A.), B. W. LA MOIR, and W. H. THOMPSON; of No. 2516 from Emile Frau (Lyons), D. McCoy (Galway), and T. G. (Ware); of No. 2517 from J. D. TUCKER (Dawson), M. A. EYRE (Boulogne-sur-Mer), A. W. HAMILTON GELL (Exeter), F. R. BARRATT (Northampton), T. G. (Ware), James Clark, J. M. GRETTON (Boulogne), Emile Frau, and Captain J. A. CHALICE (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2518 received from L. DESANGES, W. P. HIND (Senford), J. D. TUCKER (Leeds), W. GUY, JUN. (Johnstone), T. G. (Ware), E. E. H. Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), C. E. FERUGINI, G. JOCEY, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), E. Louden, W. R. B. (Plymouth), Julia Short (Bath), Shadforth, W. Vincent, Martin F. Surrento (Dawlish), A. Newman, Nigel, R. Worters (Canterbury), J. N. T. Roberts, R. H. Brooks, W. R. Baillem, W. Wright, H. S. Brandreth, J. Good, H. B. Hurford, Dr. Waltz (Ostend), Admiral Brandreth, Columbus, F. J. Knight, Dr. F. St. Alpha, Dawn, and J. F. Moon.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2516—By R. KELLY.

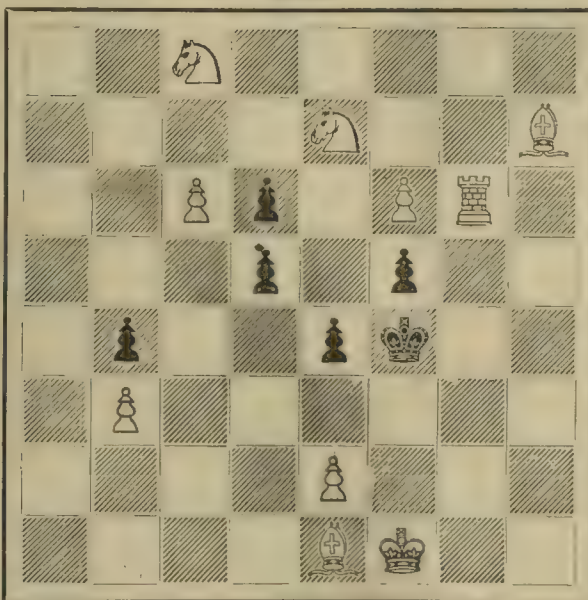
WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to Q sq. P to Q 3rd
2. Kt (B 3rd) to Q 2nd K takes P
3. Kt to B 4th, dis ch, and mate

If Black play 1. K to Q 3rd; 2. P to Q 5th, K to K 2nd; 3. P to Q 6th. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2520.

By FRANZ KELLNER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played at the City Club between Mr. HERBERT JACOBS and Mr. OWEN JONES in a match now in progress.

(Queen's Gambit declined.)

| WHITE (Mr. Jones.) | BLACK (Mr. Jacobs.) | WHITE (Mr. Jones.) | BLACK (Mr. Jacobs.) |
|-----------------------|------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. P to Q 4th | P to Q 4th | 16. Kt (K 2nd) to Q 4th | Kt takes Kt |
| 2. P to Q B 4th | P to K 3rd | 17. Kt takes Kt | B to Q 2nd |
| 3. Kt to Q-B 3rd | Kt to K B 3rd | 18. Kt to Kt 5th | |
| 4. P to K 3rd | P to Q B 4th | | |
| 5. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | | |
| 6. B to K 2nd | B to K 2nd | | |
| 7. P takes Q P | P takes P | | |
| 8. P takes P | B takes P | | |
| 9. Castles | Castles | | |
| 10. P to Q Kt 3rd | P to K R 3rd | | |

In an opening of this kind, where development of force is the object chiefly aimed, this is waste of time. B to Kt 5th or P to Q Kt 3rd might be played with advantage.

| | |
|-----------------|------------|
| 11. B to Kt 2nd | B to K 3rd |
| 12. Q R to B sq | B to K 2nd |
| 13. B to Q 3rd | Kt to K sq |
| 14. B to Kt sq | |

A fine reply to Black's last move.

| | |
|------------------|------------|
| 14. P to K B 4th | |
| 15. Kt to K 2nd | B to Q 3rd |

Black has tried hard to maintain his compromised position, but White now quickly obtains a creditable victory.

| | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 19. K takes B | B takes Kt |
| 20. K R to R sq | B to B 3rd |
| 21. Q to Q 4th | Q to Kt 4th |
| 22. K to Kt sq | Kt to B 3rd |
| 23. R to R 3rd | R to B 2nd |
| 24. R to Kt 3rd | Kt to Kt 5th |
| 25. B takes P | Q takes B |

Black has tried hard to maintain his compromised position, but White now quickly obtains a creditable victory.

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------|
| 26. R takes Kt | Q takes P (ch) |
| 27. K to R sq, and wins | |

CHESS IN BRIGHTON.

Consultation game between Messrs. MORIAU and CURNOCK, blindfold, against Messrs. KUP STEVENS and PERCY HEALEY.

(Hamppe-Algaier Gambit.)

| WHITE (Messrs. M. and C.) | BLACK (The Allies.) | WHITE (Messrs. M. and C.) | BLACK (The Allies.) |
|------------------------------|------------------------|------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 13. P takes P | Q takes P |
| 2. P to Q B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 14. B takes Kt | P takes B |
| 3. P to K B 4th | P takes P | 15. B to K 5th | R to B sq |
| 4. Kt to K B 3rd | P to Kt 4th | 16. Q to Q 3rd | |
| 5. P to K R 4th | P to Kt 5th | | |
| 6. Kt to Kt 5th | P to K R 3rd | | |
| 7. Kt takes P | K takes Kt | | |
| 8. P to Q 4th | B to Kt 5th | | |

This is an old and abandoned line of play, which modern analysis generally regards as fatal. P to Q 3rd or P to Q 4th is safe, and, properly followed, ultimately gives advantage to the defence.

| | |
|-------------------|------------|
| 9. B takes K B P | P to Q 4th |
| 10. B to Q Kt 5th | |

An excellent move, which appears a novelty, and is certainly equal to B to K 2nd, the usual play at this point.

| | |
|---|---------------|
| 10. B takes Kt (ch) | |
| 11. P takes B | Kt to K B 3rd |
| Kt to K 2nd seems somewhat a better move. | |
| 12. Castles | K to Kt 2nd |

Another well-timed move. The blindfold allies play with an accuracy worthy of a Blackburne.

| | |
|----------------------|-------------|
| 16. P to Q 4th | B to Kt 2nd |
| 17. P to R 5th | B to Kt 2nd |
| 18. Q to Kt 6th (ch) | K to R sq |
| 19. Q takes P (ch) | K to Kt sq |
| 20. Q to Kt 6th (ch) | K to R sq |
| 21. B takes Kt (ch) | R takes B |
| 22. Q takes R (ch) | K to Kt sq |
| 23. Q to Kt 6th | K to R sq |
| 24. R to B 2nd | P to Kt 6th |

Worse than useless; but their game is utterly hopeless.

| | |
|--------------------------|------------|
| 25. R to B 3rd | Q to K 5th |
| 26. Q to B 6th (ch) | K to R 2nd |
| 27. R takes P | R to Kt sq |
| 28. Q to B 7th (ch) | K to R 3rd |
| 29. Q takes R, and wins. | |

The number of public-house licenses issued in Chicago so far this year is about 6400, which is 700 more than for the corresponding period of last year, and will give \$350,000 additional revenue to the city. The amount to be received from drinking saloons this year promises to exceed \$3,200,000. This will give the world some faint idea of the importance of the retail traffic in liquors, when saloons alone pay one-tenth of the whole city expenses.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It is time to put our house in order when cholera comes so close to us as Paris. It is not, it appears, of the rapid and deadly Asiatic type; but just as a wound "will serve," even though it be "not so deep as a well or so wide as a church door," so this form of cholera is fatal and infectious enough, even if not of the most fierce variety. It is idle to talk of a "Press scare" in connection with such a subject as this; nobody ever took cholera merely through being frightened about it. Cholera, like influenza, is a capricious contagion. Some people escape the closest danger. In the 1834 epidemic there was at Leeds a poor sort of man, engaged as a hospital-bearer, who of his own choice used to sit inside the ambulance, nursing the tortured sufferer in his arms, and this hero escaped contagion throughout. Nevertheless, it is a contagion.

The only precaution that we can take against it individually is to keep our houses as sweet and pure as possible. There is nothing more difficult to impress on the mind of the average servant than the necessity for not hoarding or hiding rubbish of a decaying nature. Potato peelings, cabbage leaves, and so on, can be readily burned, especially in a close stove, if properly managed; they should be put down under the grate, or, if the stove be an open-chimneyed one, thrown on the back of it, until the moisture is evaporated. When thus dried, the vegetable rubbish will burn rapidly without choking the fire and without producing any offensive smell, the two evils usually resulting when the parings are just flung on the fire all damp. But though we can thus dispose of our own household's debris from the cookery if our cooks are careful, the fact remains that many cooks are nothing of the kind; and certainly clearing away house refuse should not depend on individual servants, but should be done by official organisation for the public advantage. The furnaces and crematories which public bodies may provide can destroy readily and without giving forth offensive odours any sort of consumable rubbish; and since it is necessary for the good of the whole community that this task should be carried out thoroughly, the vestries and other sanitary authorities should not be allowed to shirk their duty in the matter. Perhaps some householders do not, when they have cause for complaint about the non-removal of their dust, take care to address their remonstrances to the right quarter. It happened that when my spring cleaning was going on the dust-man utterly refused to take away the waste paper and the other odds and ends that were turned out. But I appealed at once to the vestry clerk, inquiring whether I was to make a bonfire in the square on my own account, and the next morning a cart came and trotted off with the rubbish without further fuss.

Lord Beaconsfield told Lord Ronald Gower that no man who was in a position to confer on a woman so pretty a title as "My Lady" had any business to remain single. How much more ought this obligation to be felt by a duke! "Her Grace!" The Duke of Devonshire, however, shows no outward and visible sign of converting any lady into his duchess, and hence his nephew, the heir presumptive to that peerage, has all the interest of a great position about his wedding. That heir is Mr. Victor Cavendish, the son of the Duke's brother, Lord E. Cavendish. It is a source of surprise to foreigners, among whom titles are more lavishly bestowed than with us, that a duke's grandson sinks into a "Mr." and that even an earl's son is addressed in a similar way, though an earl's daughter is a "Lady." The fact remains that the young gentleman who will, as at present appears, be Duke of Devonshire one of these days has now no title; but his bride, Lady Evelyn Fitzmaurice, as the daughter of the Marquis of Lansdowne, has already her courtesy title. The wedding is to take place in London at the end of July, and will bring back to town many fashionable people, or rather, perhaps, will detain till it is over many who would otherwise have gone.

Indeed, the opera by no means looks as if the season were so completely over as some of us thought it would be. Sir Augustus Harris—that monarch of managers, who has achieved the impossible by making two opera-houses succeed, and during an election, too!—has had no cause to complain of the absence of fashionable folks. The royal family are beginning to be seen again at places of entertainment. One night Princess Louise was there, in a dress of lustrous white satin; and the Duchess of Connaught, likewise in white, with an imposing tiara. The Marchioness of Londonderry also looked fair and young in white, with a glistening but small comb-like tiara of lovely diamonds; she was surrounded, in Lord Lonsdale's box, by her youthful family—two Eton boys and a pretty girl. Lady Alington wore light-blue satin, the low bodice draped with chiffon, and lovely turquoise and diamond ornaments. In a neighbouring box a lady wore, by way of a tiara, a very large and long but slender crescent of diamonds, which stood far up above her head, looking like nothing else but sparkling horns! A noticeable necklace of diamonds was made in squares, each about four inches deep, and encircled the throat like a fetter. There is certainly something barbaric about such jewellery.

One difficulty of dressing for such occasions is that it is hard to get a far-away view of oneself, such as is to be presented to others. This is true morally also, by-the-way; but I am talking of costume. Even actresses often fail to dress effectively, because they do not realise that distance makes a very great difference in effect. Mrs. Langtry, in "The Fringe of Society" at the Criterion, wears, in one act, a most unbecoming hat; it is black velvet, and moulds itself closely all over her head, from the neck to the brow, almost hiding the hair; then it has a black plume set upright upon it, like a funeral horse's feather. However, her other costumes make up for this, being surpassingly elegant and fashionable. The walking dress is of soft grey cloth, with a flounce of lace round the foot, caught at intervals with love-knots of grey ribbon. The bodice has a yoke of lace, underneath which come a series of rounds of grey ribbon, like the hoops on a barrel; passing below the arms, the ribbon takes on a sloping inclination, so that it forms a series of inverted V's at the back, each ending under a good-sized bow of itself. Of course, this dress hooks up the back, beneath those bows. In another act she has a splendid ten-gown of green and gold brocade—not the ordinary patterned material, but solid-looking square chunks of bullion, interposed with others of pale-green satin. Round the foot and on the bosom this sumptuous material is further heavily embroidered with gold in an elaborate design. The back and part of the sleeves are floating scarves of pink crêpe de chine.

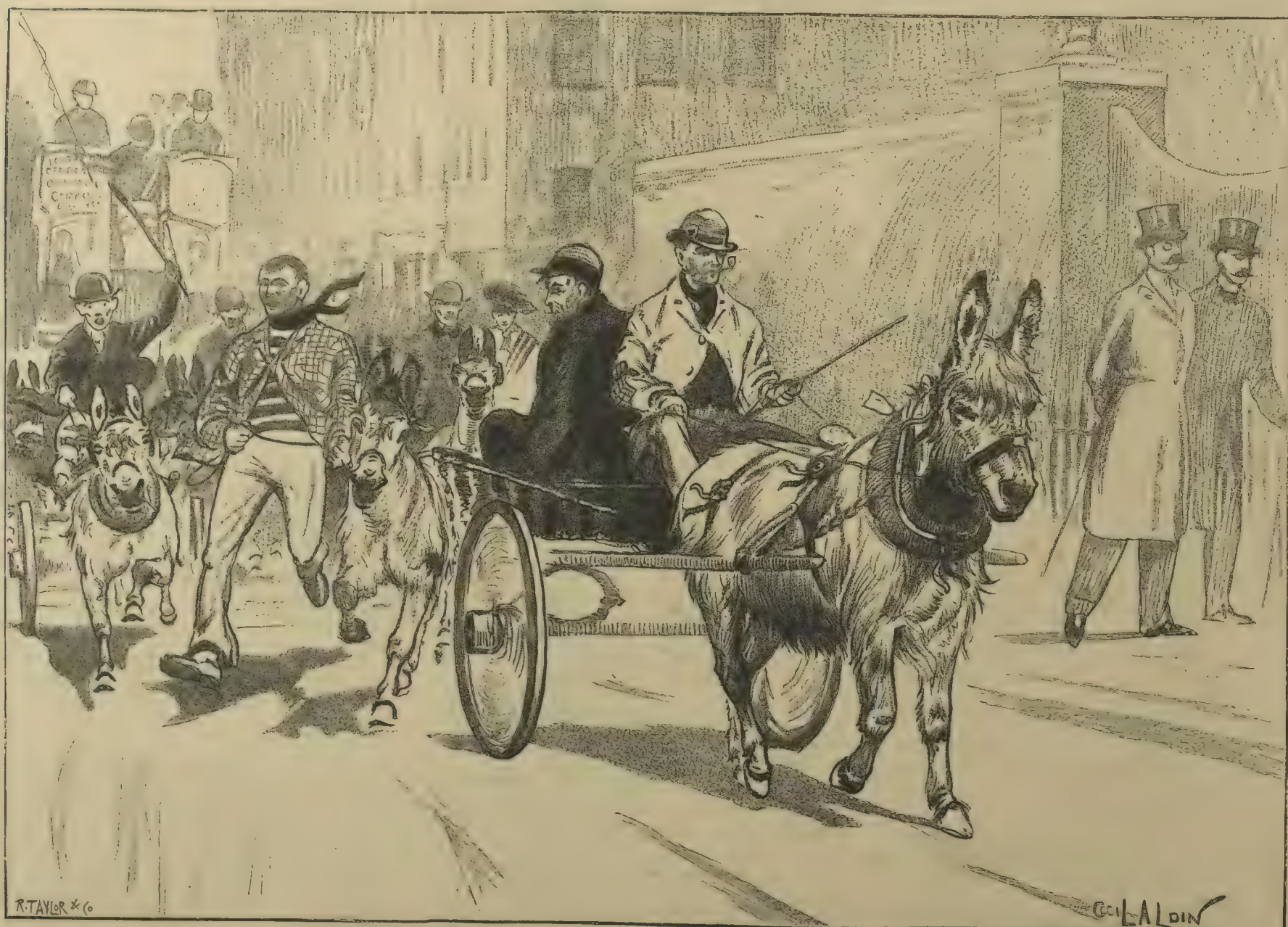
I am glad to be able to say that a leading dressmaker informs me that the train to walking skirts is doomed. It has not really "caught on," and will vanish altogether, at least from tailor-made dresses, before the autumn. Already no new dress for outdoor wear is being made to lie more than three or four inches on the ground, and some very smart ones, for the country and for yachting, are even now walking length only. This is good news for those of us who had resolved not to give in to that fashion—including myself and several of my readers, who wrote sympathetically to me on the subject when I protested about it months ago.



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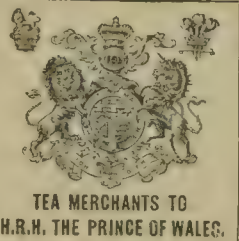
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OBITUARY.

BARON WINMARLEIGH

The Right Hon. John Wilson-Patten, Baron Winmarleigh of Winmarleigh, in the county of Lancaster, P.C., D.L., died on July 11. He was born April 26, 1802, the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Wilson-Patten, M.P. (who assumed the additional surname of Wilson, at the request of the Bishop of Sodor and Man and by the testamentary injunction of his lordship's son, the Rev. Thomas Wilson, from whom the Patten family derived the Cheshire and a portion of their Lancashire estates), by Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Nathan Hyde, of Ardwick, and was educated at Eton and at Magdalen College, Oxford. He sat as M.P. in the Conservative interest for Lancashire from 1830 to 1831, when he was defeated, and for Lancashire North from 1832 to 1871. From 1836 to 1868 he was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1868. In 1874 he was created a peer of the United Kingdom. His lordship married, in 1828, Anna Maria (who died in 1846), daughter and coheir of the late Peter Patten Bold, of Bold, Lancashire. With his death the title becomes extinct, his only grandson and heir, Mr. John Wilson-Patten, having died in 1889.

SIR CHARLES COX.

Sir Charles Cox, K.C.M.G., died at Bournemouth on July 12. He was born May 13, 1810, the son of Mr. Richard Cox, of Hillingdon House, Uxbridge, by Charlotte, his wife, daughter of Mr. Thomas Fitzhugh of Plas Power, county Denbigh, and having been educated at Eton, entered the Colonial Office in 1829. He was private secretary to three successive Under-Secretaries of State for the Colonies (Mr. G. B. Hope, Lord

Lyttleton, and Sir B. Hawes), Her Majesty's Commissioner for the New Zealand Company's affairs from 1848 to 1850, and retired from the service in 1879. He was Secretary and Registrar of the Order of St. Michael and St. George from 1872 to 1877, when he was appointed Chancellor of the Order.

SIR WILLIAM SALT, BART.

Sir William Henry Salt, second baronet, of Saltaire, Yorkshire, died on July 7 at his seat, Maplewell, near Loughborough. He was born Dec. 5, 1831, the eldest son of Sir Titus Salt, sometime Mayor of Bradford, and subsequently the representative in Parliament for that town, who was created a baronet in October 1869, by his wife, Caroline, daughter of the late Mr. George Whitlam, of Great Grimsby, Lincolnshire. The baronet whose death we record was Deputy Lieutenant and a magistrate for Leicester, and served the office of High Sheriff for that county in 1879. He married, Dec. 7, 1854, Emma Dove Octavianna, only child of Mr. John Dove Harris, of Ratcliffe Hall, Leicestershire, and leaves, with a daughter, Constance Dove, wife of the Rev. Arthur Fitzgerald Evans, Vicar of Great Maplestead, an only son, now Sir Shirley Harris Salt, third baronet, barrister-at-law, Inner Temple, born in 1857, and married, in 1880, to Charlotte Jane, only daughter of the Very Rev. John Cotter MacDonnell, D.D., Rector of Misterton, and formerly Dean of Cashel, by whom he has three sons and two daughters. The first baronet discovered the use of alpaca wool, and introduced the manufacture thereof in 1836.

LADY MARY VYNER.

Lady Mary Gertrude Vyner, of Newby Hall, near Ripon, whose death occurred on July 11, was born Feb. 5, 1809, the younger daughter of Thomas Philip, first Earl de Grey, K.G., by Lady Henrietta, his wife, daughter of William Willoughby, first Earl of Enniskillen. Her ladyship married, in 1832, the late Henry Vyner, of Newby Hall, in the county of York, and by him had issue—Robert Charles de Grey Vyner (now of Gauthy, in the county of Lincoln), Henrietta (present Marchioness of Ripon), and Thedasia, Marchioness of Northampton, who died in 1864.

SIR JOHN DAVID HOPE, BART.

Sir John David Hope, Bart., of Craighall, in the county of Fife, died at his seat, Pinkie House, Musselburgh, Midlothian, on July 13. He was born April 27, 1809, the second son of Sir John Hope, Bart., M.P., by Anne, his wife, fourth daughter of Sir John Wedderburn, sixth baronet, of Blackness and Balindean, and succeeded his brother Archibald as thirteenth baronet Jan. 24, 1883. Sir John was J.P. for Fife and Midlothian and Brigadier-General of the Royal Company of Archers. The baronetcy now devolves on his younger brother, General William Hope, C.B. Sir William was born Jan. 12, 1819, and married, in 1862, Alicia Henrietta, daughter of Sir John Wedderburn, eighth baronet.

The arrangements of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company for the Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes races, including the running of special trains for the convenience of their patrons during the Sussex fortnight, commencing July 26, are now announced as completed. The Brighton Company also give notice that their West-End offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10 p.m. on July 22, 23, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, and 30 for the sale of tickets to Bognor, Drayton, Chichester, Midhurst, Singleton, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Brighton, Worthing, Eastbourne, Hastings, &c., at the same fares as charged at the stations.

The Prince of Wales presided over the ninth annual meeting of the Royal College of Music on Thursday, July 14, when a satisfactory report from the council was presented, showing the number of students to be 317 at the end of Easter term; thirty-nine had obtained certificates as associates, and scholarships had been won. The new college buildings will be completed by the spring of next year.



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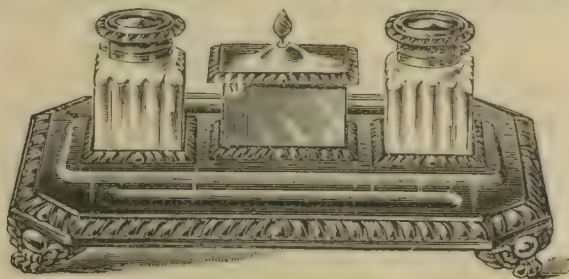


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Very richly Chased Sterling Silver Afternoon Tea Service, Ebony Handle and Knob to Teapot, which holds Five Cups, £17.

Register 1 Design.
Very richly Chased Sterling Silver Tea and Coffee Service, Ebony Handles and Knobs. Complete, £45.
2-pint Teapot only, £14 14s. 2-pint Kettle and Stand, to match, £25.



Sterling Silver Inkstand, rich Gadroon Mounts.
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Mr. J. H. HEATHMAN, Endell Street and Wilson Street, London, W.C., Expert Fire and Hydraulic Engineer, writes—

"Aug. 27, 1890.

"For many years past I have used your Embrocation to cure rheumatism, colds, and sprains, and always with very satisfactory results.

"I have frequently advised firemen and others to try it, and know many instances of relief through its application.

"There are many like myself who are liable to get a soaking at fire-engine trials and actual fires, and the knowledge of the value of your Embrocation will save them much pain and inconvenience if they apply the remedy with promptitude.

"An Illustration: On Monday last I got wet and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I had rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eightpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy."

ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.

Mr. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes— "Jan. 7, 1890.

"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot; in the night it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about seven o'clock my weekly paper came, the Sheffield Telegraph. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ miles for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until five o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

LUMBAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace. "About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club. "Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

STRENGTHENS the MUSCLES. From "Victorina," "The Strongest Lady in the World." "It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the nerves and muscles."

RUNNING.

A Blackheath Harrier writes— "Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

SORE THROAT FROM COLD.

From a Clergyman. "For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

CRAMP.

CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forbes Estate, Maskellya, Ceylon, writes— "The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

ACHES, SPRAINS, AND STIFFNESS.

A. F. GARDINER, Esq. (A.A.A.; L.A.C. Spartan Harriers' Official Handicapper), writes— "After exercise it is invaluable for dispersing stiffness and aches. No athlete or cross-country runner should be without it."

ACCIDENT.

From the Jackley Wonders, Oxford Music Hall, London.

"I was recommended by my friend 'Victorina' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."

CYCLING.

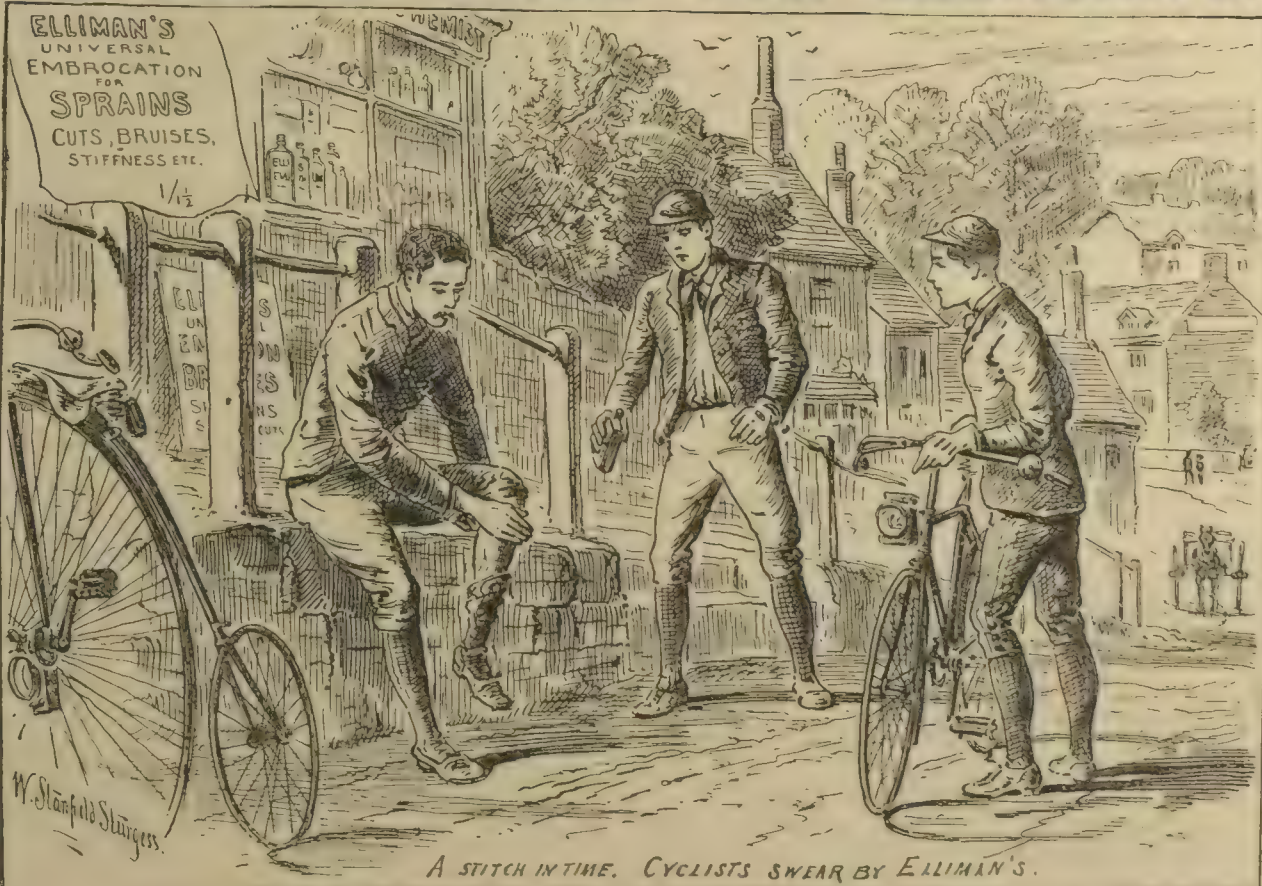
From L. FABRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain.

"I am a member of a cycling club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

RHEUMATISM.

From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.

"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."



A STITCH IN TIME. CYCLISTS SWEAR BY ELLIMAN'S.

FOR ACHES AND PAINS.
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"AN EXCELLENT GOOD THING."

"And it I will have, or I will have none."

ONE SHILLING AND THREE-HALFPENCE.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 21, 1887), with two codicils (dated Oct. 30, 1888, and Oct. 29, 1891), of Mr. Charles Edward Flower, J.P., late of Avonbank, Stratford-on-Avon, who died on May 3 at the Court House, Warwick, was proved on July 11 by Mrs. Sarah Flower, the widow, Edgar Flower, the brother, and Hugh Martineau, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom exceeding £158,000. The testator bequeaths £1400 to the trustees of the De la Warr Exhibition Fund, to found a scholarship at the Grammar School, to be called "The Charles Flower Exhibition"; £1000 to the governors of the Shakspeare Memorial, for the library fund; £500, and all his plate, pictures, books, furniture, effects, horses and carriages, and the further sum of £4400 to his wife; £2000 to his brother William Henry Flower; £1000 each to his brother Edgar Flower, his brother-in-law, Hugh Martineau, Lucy Martineau, and Julia Gurney; £2000 to each of his nephews and nieces, the children of his said brothers William Henry and Edgar; £1000 to his friend and partner, Stephen Moore; £1200 to Charles Lowndes; and other legacies. All his shares and debentures in Flower and Sons, Limited, after payment thereout of the foregoing legacies, and £40,000 he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his said nephews and nieces. He devises all his real estate to his wife. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his wife, but the following legacies are to be paid thereout—namely, £1000 additional legacies to each of his nieces and nephews, Mary Sharne, Agnes Reid, Arthur Smyth Flower, and Archibald Dennis Flower.

The will (dated March 11, 1892) of Mrs. Elizabeth Beever, late of 129, Harley Street, who died on May 27, was proved on June 29 by Miss Hester Elizabeth Beever, the daughter, Charles Edward Beever, M.D., the son, and Edward Horsman Bailey,

three of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £69,000. The testatrix bequeaths her leasehold residence, with all her furniture, plate, pictures, books, wines, jewellery, effects, horses and carriages, to her daughters, Hester Elizabeth and Beatrice Constance; £300 to her daughter Hester Elizabeth; £3000 to her grandson, Charles Ferrier Beever; £2000 each to her brother, Thomas Burrell, and her nephew, William Ernest Williamson Paterson; £1000 each to her sisters Ruth Burrell and Rachel Crawley Burrell; £1000, upon trust, for her sister Kate Helena Gibbs Paterson; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to all her children equally.

The will (dated Dec. 2, 1889), with a codicil (dated March 8, 1892), of Mr. Thomas Palmer Chapman, J.P., formerly of 16, St. James's Street, banker, and late of Holly Spring, Bracknell, Berks, who died on May 20, was proved on June 27 by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Chapman, the widow, and William Palmer Chapman, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £42,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and such of his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, as she shall select to his wife; such sum as will, when invested, with the income she will receive under their marriage settlement and under the will of his father, William Chapman, make up £1200 per annum, the income to be paid to his wife, for life or widowhood; £15,000 to his son Thomas Palmer Chapman, and £5000 to each of his other children. The ultimate residue he gives to all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 24, 1890) of Mrs. Louisa Emily Carwithen, late of Beaumont House, Stoke, Devonport, who died on May 24, was proved on June 23 by Captain Adolphus George Edye, R.N., and Foster John Bone, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £27,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to the building fund of St.

Barnabas's Church, Stoke; and numerous legacies to relatives, executors, servants, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her brother, the Rev. William Vigor, for life; and then for her nephew, Captain George Frederick Vigor.

The will (dated Oct. 29, 1888), with a codicil (dated Nov. 1, 1890), of Mr. Edward Ross, J.P., late of Rock Cottage, Marple, Cheshire, who died on March 16, was proved on June 27 by John Asher Foyster, Alban Furniss, and Mrs. Teresa Elizabeth Ross, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £23,000. The testator bequeaths £1500 and an annuity of £300 to his wife; an annuity of £200 to his son, Adam Smith Ross; and legacies to his executors, Mr. Foyster and Mr. Furniss. The residue of his property he leaves to all his children except his said son.

The will (dated May 30, 1890), with three codicils (dated March 28 and May 3 and 14, 1892), of Mrs. Mary Cameron, late of Hurst House, Hurst, Berks, who died on May 23, was proved on June 30 by Colonel Arthur Drummond Currie, the nephew, and Archibald John Mackey, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £22,000. The testatrix bequeaths £10,000, upon trust, for her niece Caroline Dorothea Hay Pollock; £5000, upon trust, for her niece Margaret Christina Hay Willan; £5000, upon trust, for her niece Frances Mary Gull, for life, and then for her great-nieces, Frances Mary Ellen Currie, Catherine Mary Willan, Alice Margaret Willan, Constance Ida Hay Currie, and Alice Hay Currie; £1000 to Edward Currie and Philip Maynard Currie, in equal shares; and legacies and annuities to servants and others; there are also some specific bequests. The residue of her property (if any) she leaves, upon trust, for her said niece Caroline Dorothea Hay Pollock.

The will (dated Jan. 13, 1877), with a codicil (dated Feb. 18, 1884), of Mr. George Polhill, late of the Windham Club,

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Specially Prescribed in Cases of
BRAIN EXHAUSTION,
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Dr. M. I. ROBERTS writes that "It has just bridged me over a very critical period, after unusual strain."

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Dr. FOWLER, after an extensive trial, found it "a very valuable adjuvant in the treatment of nervous exhaustion."

Dr. EGBERT GUERNSEY used it largely "in convalescence from fevers and general nerve debility with weakness of the heart's action."

Madame ALBANI declares it to be "invaluable in vocal fatigue."

Dr. LINGARD, after several trials, found it "reliable in restoring impaired vitality."

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St. James's Square, and of 41, St. James's Place, who died on May 10 at the Hôtel Continental, Paris, was proved on June 22 by the Rev. Henry Western Onslow Polhill, the brother, and Joseph Plaskitt, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £19,000. The testator bequeaths £500, upon trust, for the benefit of the poor of the parish of Otford, Kent; and £100 to each of his executors. The residue of his property is to be divided equally between his two brothers and his sister, if they shall be living at his decease, and, if not, between the survivors of them.

The will and codicil of Mr. George Whitfield, J.P., late of 10, St. George's Terrace and Modreeny, Tipperary, who died on Jan. 26, was proved on July 7 by George Whitfield, the son, and Sir Francis Osborne, Bart., two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9517.

The will (dated Dec. 16, 1868) of Mr. Edward Augustus Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D., Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, late of Somerleaze, near Wells, Somersetshire, who died on March 16 at Alicante, Spain, was proved on July 9 by Mrs. Eleanor Freeman, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5041. The testator gives all his personal estate to his wife absolutely.

The summer special express day service between London and Paris, via Newhaven and Dieppe, is now running daily, leaving London (Victoria and London Bridge Stations) and Paris (St. Lazare Station) every week-day and Sunday morning at 9 a.m., in addition to the express night service from Vic-

toria at 8.50 p.m., and from London Bridge at 9 p.m., arriving in Paris at 8 a.m. every week-day and Sunday. For the August Bank Holiday a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris, by the picturesque route, via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by the special day service on Saturday, July 30, and also by the express night service on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 29 to Aug. 3 inclusive.

The sale, by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, of the illustrated facsimile of the Queen's autograph "Letter to the Nation," on the death of the late Duke of Clarence, has already produced £600, which the publishers have sent to the Gordon Boys' Home fund.

The foundation-stone of the new building in Crown Lane, Streatham, for the British Home for Incurables was laid on Saturday, July 16, by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. Her Royal Highness was received by Mr. Bevan and the Rev. Canon Carver on behalf of the committee of management. Mr. A. Cawston is the architect of the new building.

It is reported at Timor, in the Malay Archipelago, that the island of Sangir, situated between the Philippines and Celebes, has been entirely destroyed and submerged by a volcanic eruption. The whole population, numbering twelve thousand, is supposed to have perished.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, accompanied by her husband, visited the Royal Naval Hospital School at Greenwich, on Friday, July 15, and presented the prizes. The boys manned the yards of the model ship in the grounds of the

school, and performed a variety of seamanship exercises; they also exhibited feats of swimming and gymnastics. Admiral Sir E. Commerell, Admiral Lord Hood, Admiral Sir W. Dowell, Sir G. Baden-Powell, and other gentlemen took part in the proceedings.

The death of Mr. John Macgregor, often called "Rob Roy Macgregor," from his popular narrative of a thousand-miles river voyage in the Rob Roy canoe, will be much regretted. It took place at Bournemouth, on July 16, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He was son of General Sir Duncan Macgregor, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Cambridge, travelled much, wrote interesting books, and exerted himself in works of Christian philanthropy, such as the ragged schools and the Shoeblack Brigade. Mr. Macgregor was twice elected to the London School Board.

The meeting of the National Rifle Association, on Bisley Common, near Woking, since Monday, July 11, has attracted less public notice than usual, because of the General Election. More than 2000 entries for the Queen's Prize were made at the beginning; and on Tuesday, July 19, the shooting at the second range, 500 yards, in the first stage of the competition for that "blue ribbon" of marksmanship was tolerably well contested, in spite of the heavy rain. The Volunteers were next day excused from wearing their uniform on account of the wet. The "Evelyn Wood" competition, which is of some military interest, was won by the South Wales Borderers. Other incidents will occur for a future record.

INTERNATIONAL HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION, and

BUFFALO BILL'S (Col. W. F. CODY)
WILD WEST, Earl's Court, S.W.

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BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
For the first time in history will appear a band of COSSACKS from the CAUCASUS, commanded by Prince Ivan Makharadze, thus forming a Congress of the horsemen of the world. SIXTH DELEGATION TO CONGRESS OF ROUGH RIDERS OF THE WORLD.—A Band of South American Gauchos. Meeting of Representatives of Primitive Schools of Horsemanship. First time since the Deluge such a Study of Racial and Geographical extremes. Fifteen Wild Pampa Horses never seen or handled by the Riders. Arena Reconstructed. No mud. No dust. Covered Entrances. Two Performances Daily, 8 and 8 p.m., rain or shine. Boxes £1 5s., £2, and £2 10s. Can be secured at Free's, 28, Piccadilly.

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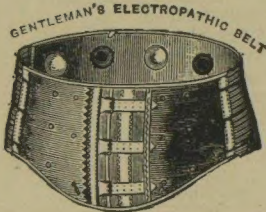
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IT HAS CURED THOUSANDS OF SUFFERERS



without the aid of poisonous drugs or quack nostrums. If any of our readers doubt the remarkable curative powers of this genuine and convenient appliance, we would ask them to carefully read the following letters, and write for our Book of Testimonials; or, better still, call, if possible, and carefully inspect the originals. They will, at the same time, be able to see the Belts scientifically tested, and have the various curative appliances fully explained to them.

A BLESSING TO MEN.

RHEUMATISM.

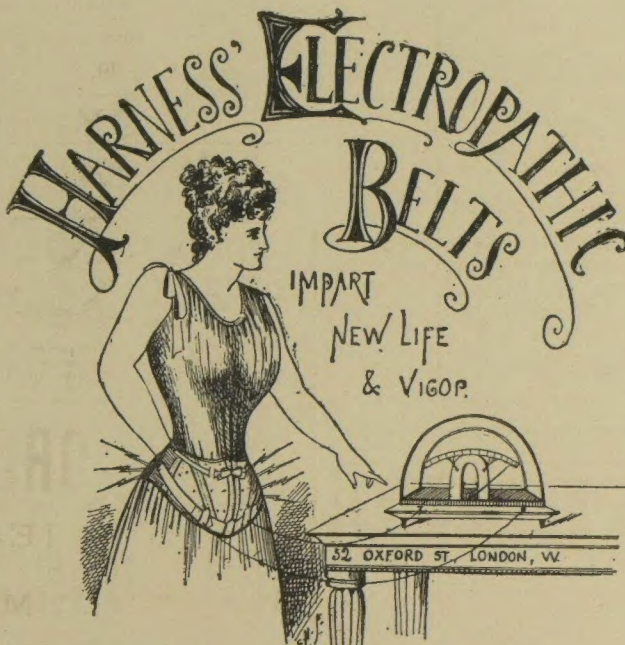
Miss M. PIEDIE, 52, Marchmont Cottages, Edinburgh, writes: "I am sure you will be pleased to know that I have derived great benefit from the Electropathic Belt I received from you three months ago. I have worn it constantly. The pain is very much lessened, and gone completely from some of the joints; I also sleep better at nights."

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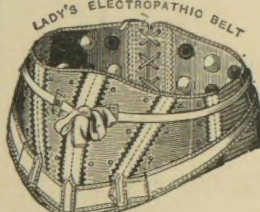
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JAMES JONES, Esq., 17, Union Street, St. Thomas, Exeter, writes: "Doubtless you will remember sending me one of your Electropathic Belts. It was received on Friday, and I put it on at once. My complaint was Rheumatism in the left shoulder and right elbow, to which was added Sciatica. This latter was accompanied with much pain and suffering, so much so that I dreaded going out of doors. Now, after five days wearing the Belt, I ventured out this morning, the first time for days, and rejoice to tell you I did not feel a single pain. Many, many thanks for your advice, treatment, and skill. Your Belt has turned me into another man. I am seventy-four years of age, so you see it can reach old age. I shall recommend it to all I can."

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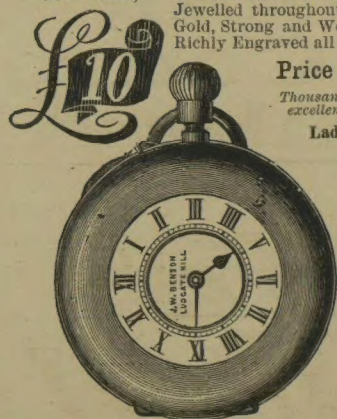
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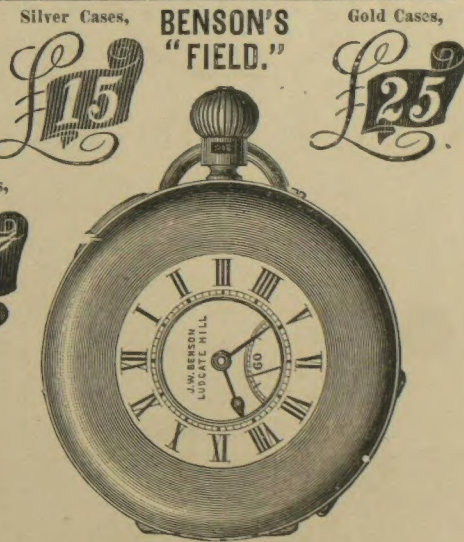
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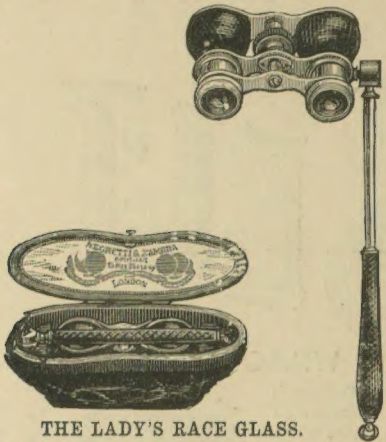
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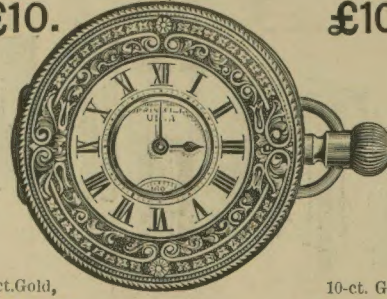
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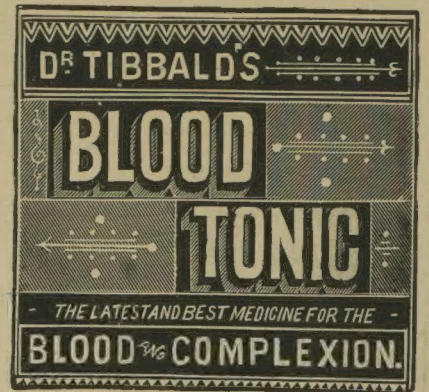
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